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Modernizing the Monroe Doctrine

PRO:

MONROE REINTERPRETED

CHARLES HITCHCOCK SHERRILL

GENERAL SHERRILL believes that the Monroe Doctrine should be modernized and "kept up to date" in the sense that applies to machinery and business methods, and he goes so far as to suggest that, in order to remove sources of possible friction, we purchase from England, France, and Holland their colonial possessions in and around the Caribbean Seas. He asserts that the Americans are "almost unanimously in favor of" such a step.

FOLK envious of Boston and its peculiar culture have a way of saying it is not a city, but a state of mind! And so is, or has become, the Monroe Doctrine for the people of the United States. Its hold upon the popular imagination all over our country is surprising, and especially so to sundry narrow-minded citizens of a certain small island adjoining our east coast,—an island called New York City. One has to quit that rocky lump for the neighboring mainland, and then travel west or south or north to gain any real appreciation of how close to the American heart is that century-old pronouncement of James Monroe.

The American people want the Monroe Doctrine kept up

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to date, and thoroughly modernized, just as are our education, our business methods, our machinery. Any party which keeps step with this forward marching spirit will find quick response from the voters. Also they welcome occasional clarifying statements from our leaders on the subject, especially such as the recent one made at Minneapolis by Mr. Hughes, upon whose brows are the fresh laurels of the Washington Conference settling the question of naval armaments and ensuring peace around the Pacific.

But what has the Pacific to do with European meddling in matters American? Much, as we shall presently come to see; but first let us turn back a few pages of history. Let us even go so far as the very beginning of this Monroe Doctrine, back to that December 2, just one hundred years ago, when President Monroe delivered his fateful message to Congress. President Washington had declared against entangling alliances that would drag us into European quarrels; in 1823 that declaration was mated by one protesting against European intrusion on our side of the great water, that beneficent fosse behind which time and security have been given for Americanization in the north of the Anglo-Saxon and his mates, and in the south and centre of the Latin.

How did the Monroe Doctrine come to be born? This is no place to discuss whether or not Monroe's hand was forced by Henry Clay, whose speeches in Congress from 1816 to 1823 on behalf of Latin-American independence are nowhere surpassed in our political history for preparation, delivery, and grasp of popular opinion. The only part that interests us here is that there should be pointed out to any South American critic of Monroe's message that the preliminary discussion leading up to it affords one of the most splendid chapters of altruism ever accredited to the Congress and Executive of the United States. Clay knew every detail of South America's claim for recognition by the United States of her independence from European overlordship. He, a pre-eminent lawyer, marshalled those claims and laid them before our people in masterly

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fashion, and nowhere, not even in their own literature, is there such a tribute to the rights of South Americans, based on their march upward along the path of civilization.

When James Monroe made his pronouncement, our country could not compare in population, resources, or power with any of the leading European nations. He could properly protest against any further colonization by Europeans in this hemisphere, but he would have made himself and his young government ridiculous had he protested against the continued occupancy by Europeans of the colonies at that time in their possession. Besides, it would have been untimely. There was then no inter-oceanic canal connecting the two coasts of our nation almost as intimately as do our transcontinental railways. There was no Rising Sun off the coast of Asia to whom should be addressed the same protest westward as Monroe announced to the east of us. Also there was no possible question of the interjuggling of European colonies such as President Grant had to consider, or of disputed boundaries such as President Cleveland handled so splendidly. Sufficient unto the day was the message thereof! The child must walk before it can run, and even the youth or the young man must show caution in his progress, especially while a vital business occupies his adolescent hands, as the Civil War engrossed our Government when France attempted a European monarchy in Mexico.

To recapitulate, whether or not Monroe was forced to proclaim his doctrine by the operation of domestic politics in which his rival Henry Clay played a leading part, certain it is that we may safely urge any Latin-American critic to investigate most meticulously all the congressional debates leading up to the declaration of the great doctrine. He would find there a spirit of altruistic brotherhood and appreciation of parallel and advancing civilization that would surely win for us his warm friendship rather than his criticism. He would find that both the partisans of Monroe and the party of Clay aspired to the friendly position of an older brother to their southerly neighbors, and not at all to that of stepfather!

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It is odd how many intelligent people confuse Pan-Americanism with the Monroe Doctrine. The former is a brotherhood of friendly but entirely independent republics, while the latter, as Secretary Hughes well said in Minneapolis, is a purely United States policy of self-defense, whose definition, interpretation, and application we alone decide. For this reason it is of the highest importance to follow the historical evolution of the doctrine after its first formulation, for it is by observing how it has, from time to time, been interpreted and applied, that our European and Asiatic friends may conjecture its future developments. To all and sundry desirous to learn how this American cat is going to jump, we recommend a study of such jumps of the said animal as are already recorded.

The doctrine has made three great strides forward, the first one by President Grant's Message of 1870, the second by President Cleveland's action in 1895, and the third by the United States Senate's Resolution of 1912, when it voted the so-called Lodge Amendment. Grant protested against any transfer of European colonies in the western hemisphere, Cleveland against expansion of existing European holdings, and the Lodge Amendment against any foreign company or individual acquiring strategic sites for commercial purposes which, if done by its nation, would affront the Monroe Doctrine. Meticulous critics can easily show that all these points had already been brought home to our people's understanding by far-sighted statesmen. Nevertheless, all honor to those leaders who officially confirmed that which already existed in our unwritten Constitution,—America's national destiny.

Let us consider the first forward step, President Grant's Message of May 28, 1870, regarding Santo Domingo:

> "The doctrine promulgated by President Monroe has been adhered to by all political parties, and I now deem it proper to assert the equally important principle that hereafter no territory in this continent shall be regarded as subject of a transfer to an European power."

It is easy to show that he was but formulating an idea already

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understood and accepted by us. Pursuant to President Madison's suggestion of January 3, 1811, Congress, realizing the possibility of England's purchasing from Spain what is now the western part of Florida, passed a joint resolution saying,

> "that the United States, under the peculiar circumstances of the existing crisis, cannot, without serious inquietude, see any part of the said territory pass into the hands of any foreign power, and that a due regard to their own safety compels them to provide, under certain contingencies, for the temporary occupation of the said territory."

All which, translated into the geography of to-day, means that if Holland, or France, or England, were to attempt the transfer to any non-American power of their colonial holdings in the western hemisphere, such action would affront the Monroe Doctrine.

As for President Cleveland's step in 1895, we should know that at the beginning of his negotiations with England over the boundary of Venezuela and British Guiana, Lord Salisbury flatly announced:

> "The Government of the United States is not entitled to affirm as a universal proposition, with reference to a number of independent states, for whose conduct it assumes no responsibility, that its interests are necessarily concerned in whatever may befall them, simply because they are situated in the Western Hemisphere."

A clear statement of the issue by the British Prime Minister, but his contention was withdrawn and the doctrine maintained. President Cleveland's reply to Salisbury (contained in his Message to Congress) was that the doctrine, "important to our people and safety as a nation, and essential to our free institutions, was intended to apply to every stage of our national life, and cannot become obsolete while our Republic endures." All honor to President Cleveland and his able Secretary of State, Richard Olney!

John Bassett Moore was right when he wrote, "It must, however, be conceded that the most important political result of the Venezuelan incident was not the decision upon the territorial question, but the official adoption of the Monroe Doctrine by

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the Congress of the United States and its explicit acceptance by the principal maritime powers of Europe." Perhaps it is not too much to claim that the amicable adjustment in which those difficult negotiations ended form one of the soundest bases for future Anglo-American understanding, and was a notable forerunner of England's friendly co-operation for the success of the now famous Washington Conference. This is saying a good deal, because that Conference, terminating as it did the costly and dangerous battleship competition, and also establishing a balance for peace around the Pacific, was, in the writer's opinion, one of the most significant and useful milestones of progress in all modern history.

The third and last forward step was when the United States Senate voiced westward that which President Monroe had proclaimed to Europe. On July 31, 1912, Senator Lodge, on behalf of the Committee on Foreign Relations, made a report to the United States Senate which thereupon voted the following recommended Resolution:

> "Resolved that when any harbor or other place in the American continents is so situated that the occupation thereof for naval or military purpose, might threaten the communications or the safety of the United States, the Government of the United States could not see without grave concern the possession of such harbor or other place by any corporation or association which has a relation to another government, not American, as to give that government practical power of control for national purposes."

This action was necessitated by negotiations of a Japanese company for land in Magdalena Bay, judged to have strategic value. Japan had become a great world power, with a citizenry inspired by patriotic initiative of the most advanced type. Lest some excess of zeal by a Japanese company or citizen should cause a deplorable misunderstanding between the two governments, it was essential and friendly that this clarifying announcement be made.

Perhaps no other foreign nation takes so great an interest in the Monroe Doctrine and its possible development as does the Japanese. They see that it means a policy of "stay in your own

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hemisphere and mind your own business." They believe in Asia for the Asiatics, and therefore "America for the Americans" strikes them as a logical slogan. It came as a great surprise to me when application was made for right to translate into Japanese my "Modernizing the Monroe Doctrine." Even more surprising was the correspondence resulting from its publication in that language. Those letters made most clear that Japanese leaders of thought, realizing that "what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," felt strongly that, granted we had the right to warn Europeans and Asiatics against colonizing in the western hemisphere, it followed that we should not attempt in Asia what we denied to Asiatics in the Americas.

So much for the broadening and clarifying steps by which this great foreign policy of ours has advanced. Before we speak of a further logical step, it is well to emphasize at this point that we have no intention of attempting to treat our Latin-American brothers as we will not permit outsiders to treat them. President Roosevelt announced in August, 1905, that "It must be understood that under no circumstances will the United States use the Monroe Doctrine as a cloak for territorial aggression." President Wilson went even further by saying at Mobile, October 27, 1913, "I want to take this occasion to say that the United States will never again seek one additional foot of territory by conquest."

And now for the future. In his message President Monroe used these words: "With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European Powers, we have not interfered or shall not interfere." Does not the naval battle between England and Germany at the Falkland Islands, off the mouth of the Rio de la Plata, against which the South American countries filed a protest in December, 1914, show what danger to the neutrality of all the Americas lies in the continued possession of colonies this side of the ocean by European powers? And what else but such a danger was the British Guiana dispute which, in 1895, nearly precipitated difficulties between us and Great Britain,—a calamity of world-wide significance!

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Has not the psychological moment arrived for us to relieve much of the war debts of France, England, and Holland by a generously priced purchase of their possessions in and around the Caribbean Sea, facing the eastern end of our Panama Canal, so vital a waterway for shuttling our navy east or west for the defense of our two coasts? As to the opinion of the American people on this advanced step of the Monroe Doctrine, there is no possible doubt,—they are almost unanimously in favor of it. It was everywhere manifest when, in 1910 and later, I addressed over two hundred Chambers of Commerce. Other students of current history have likewise urged this same step, and have doubtless received public encouragement similar to that which followed a speech of mine at the University of Buffalo, October 20, 1915, of which nearly two hundred editorial approvals were sent me.

In the first place, let us make a clear distinction between Canada and all other territory in this hemisphere acknowledging European overlordship. Canada is a self-governing dominion and is just as much Americanized as we are. All the other pieces of territory are colonies. As colonies they are not profitable to their home governments. The less said about their development the better, for comparison between them and their neighbors, upon such points as education and railway mileage, is everywhere discreditable.

Into French Guiana have been introduced many Siamese and Chinese, just as the Hollanders have brought many Javanese into Dutch Guiana. Of British Guiana's population only about 10,000 are white, as against 120,000 negroes and 130,000 East Indian coolies brought there by the English to work the land for them. No one will urge that such an intermixture of oriental races tends to advance the manhood of those colonies, and it is in flat disaccord with the ethnological policy of the United States and of Argentina.

Perhaps the most up-to-date reason, however, for this suggested development of the Monroe policy is that all alone it affords a solution of the rum-running problem now confronting

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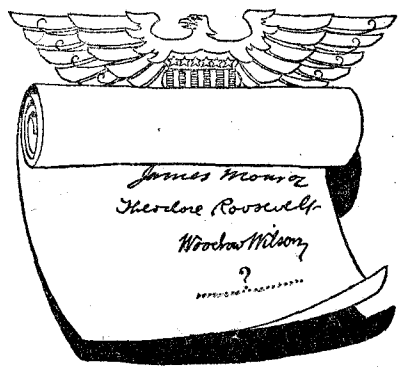
us. Statistics of that constantly increasing traffic in the West Indian Islands recently announced in the British House of Commons are shocking, and full of danger for future Anglo-American relations.

With the Monroe Doctrine completed, and all American territory freed from the cloud of European colonial government, present as well as future, the purpose of both Washington and Monroe will be achieved. No more incidents like that of 1895 can arise, and better still, our relations with our European friends will assuredly be all the more cordial because those frictional possibilities will have been removed.



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MONROE VERSUS HIS INTERPRETERS

ERNEST GRUENING

ANOTHER writer feels that "modernizing" the doctrine is a dubious business. Have we lived up to our declarations of faith, or have we used a noble precept as a cloak for selfish and sinister designs? What would James Monroe say of our recent record in Haiti, Nicaragua, and Santo Domingo? It may not be necessary to scrap the doctrine, but it is certainly necessary to be as sincere, when applying it, as were the men who originated it.

THE pertinent passages in President Monroe's address to Congress on December 2, 1823, which established what has since been known as the Monroe Doctrine are the following: "In the wars of the European powers in matters relating to themselves we have never taken any part, nor does it comport with our policy so to do. It is only when our rights are involved or seriously menaced that we resent injuries or make preparation for our defense. With the movements in this hemisphere, we are, of necessity, more intimately connected, and by causes which must be obvious to all enlightened and impartial observers. The political system of the allied powers is essentially different in this respect from that of America. . . .

"We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations, existing between the United States and these powers, to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered and shall not interfere. But with the Governments who have declared their independence and have maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration and on just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing or controlling in any other manner

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their destiny, by any European power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States.

". . . The occasion has been judged proper for asserting as a principle in which the right and interests of the United States are involved, that the American continents, by the free and independent position which they have assumed and maintained, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European power."

The ideas here enunciated, together with Washington's warning against entangling alliances, may fairly be said to embody the cardinal principles of American policy. This was clearly stated by Jefferson, who when consulted by President Monroe before the message was sent, said:

"The question presented . . . is the most momentous . . . since that of independence. That made us a nation; this sets our compass and points the course which we are to steer through the ocean of time opening on us. . . . Our first and fundamental maxim should be, never to entangle ourselves in the broils of Europe; our second, never to suffer Europe to intermeddle with cisatlantic affairs."

In the hundred years following, Monroe's message has been discussed, defined, re-interpreted, modified, viewed with alarm, and pointed to with pride by statesmen, jingoes, newspaper editors, high school students, and Fourth of July orators. It has apparently meant very different things to different people, and appears to have varied somewhat with the times. To understand what at least was the intent of its creator, let us briefly glance back over the pages of history.

The promulgation of the Monroe Doctrine found the United States in rompers, its Latin neighbors just born,—by Cæsarian section,—from the mother countries of Spain, Portugal, and France. Europe was in the grip of reaction and monarchism. The Holy Alliance was in the saddle, and unsympathetic with the emergence of Republican governments and the spread of democratic ideas. The situation might easily have become

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perilous to the new nations. The doctrine formulated by Monroe was therefore a wise policy of self-protection, a prime right of nations as of individuals. It was also a defense not merely for the United States but for the new democratic ideal which the new Latin republics were also apparently to embody.

That this policy has preserved the political integrity of this hemisphere from possible reconquest no one questions. It has saved South and Central America from the parcelling that befell Africa and Central Asia. The Latin-American states pretty generally recognized this, and an era of good feeling between them and the United States followed.

The Mexican war that resulted in our acquisition of half of Mexico altered this feeling somewhat. But the Monroe Doctrine aided that country when the original joint expedition of England, France, and Spain to force payment of claims from Mexico turned out to be a French imperialistic scheme to make Mexico an empire subject to an Austrian archduke. At this time Secretary Seward wrote to the French Minister:

> "France need not for a moment delay her promised withdrawal of military forces from Mexico and her putting the principle of non-intervention into full and complete practice in regard to Mexico through any apprehension that the United States will prove unfaithful to the principles and policy in that respect which on their behalf it has been my duty to maintain. . . . The practice of this government from its beginning is a guarantee to all nations of the respect of the American people for the free sovereignty of the people of every other state. We received the instructions from Washington. . . . The same principle and practice have been uniformly inculcated by all our statesmen, interpreted by all our jurists, maintained by all our Congresses, and acquiesced in without practical dissent on all occasions by the American people. It is in reality the chief element of foreign intercourse in our history."

Thus we helped to preserve what we had left of Mexico.

The war with Spain brought about the first obvious departure from the Monroe Doctrine. In taking Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines, we violated President Monroe's pronouncement that "with the existing colonies and dependencies of any European power we . . . shall not interfere." We had perhaps

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violated this in spirit by taking Mexican territory in 1847, but certainly other factors entered into that situation. The real fear and distrust of the United States now existing throughout Latin-America began with the taking of the Spanish colonies.

To be sure we "freed" Cuba, but the Cubans had no choice but to accept the qualified freedom offered them, and neither in that country nor south of it is Cuba's status considered other than that of a colony. Those who point to Cuba as the shining example of America's demonstrated altruism would be enlightened by discussing the matter with Latin-Americans.

Then came the taking of the Panama Canal Zone in 1904, the Dominican customs control in 1907, the occupation of Nicaragua in 1910, followed by the seizure of Haiti in 1915 and of Santo Domingo in 1916. Since then the United States has established some form of fiscal control in virtually every Central American country.

Now all this may not be Monroe Doctrine, and I hope to demonstrate my belief that it isn't. But from the Rio Grande to Cape Horn countless books and endless newspaper columns have been filled with antipathy for what is interchangeably called "Monroeism" and "Yankee Imperialism." The prologue to a volume called "The United States versus Liberty," by Isidro Fabela, a well-known Mexican publicist and formerly his country's Minister to Spain, reads in part as follows:

> "The United States has deprived of its independence the Philippine people, the kingdoms of Hawaii, Porto Rico, Haiti, and the Dominican Republic. At the present time the United States is impairing the sovereignty of Cuba, Nicaragua, Honduras, and Panama, imposing on these nations political, military, or economic servitude. . . . The United States lopped off from Colombia its province of Panama . . . and recently the United States intervened in Mexico, occupying by force of arms the port of Vera Cruz and a part of the Northern border of the republic.
>
> "These historic facts justify the title of this book: The United States versus Liberty.
>
> "Indeed it is so. The great North-American power which was the cradle of liberties, is today one of the most imperialistic countries on earth, especially to the detriment of Hispanic America. This is so despite the opposition of a great many

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> sincere citizens of that country who are anti-imperialistic, and notwithstanding the propaganda which some of their rulers have spread all over the world declaring themselves champions of right and justice and defenders of small nations.
>
> "Unfortunately the United States has revealed one face to the world and to certain nations shown quite another aspect. The words of the government at Washington have been libertarian but some of its deeds liberticidal."

The above is cited, not because it is striking, but because it is typical. Fabela's book is not a Philippic but a carefully documented study. Its facts are current in the Hispanic world though not in the United States. On the other hand we have from American statesmen a steady stream of disclaimers that the Monroe Doctrine contemplates aggression in any form. In his message to Congress of December 3, 1906, Theodore Roosevelt said:

> "In many parts of South America there has been much misunderstanding of the attitude and purposes of the United States toward the other American republics. An idea had become prevalent that our assertion of the Monroe doctrine implied or carried with it an assumption of superiority and of a right to exercise some kind of protectorate over the countries to whose territory the Doctrine applies. Nothing could be farther from the truth."

Addressing the third Pan-American Conference at Rio de Janeiro Elihu Root said:

> "We deem the independence and equal rights of the smallest and weakest member of the family of nations entitled to as much respect as those of the greatest empire, and we deem the observance of that respect the chief guarantee of the weak against the oppression of the strong. We neither claim nor desire any rights or privileges or powers that we do not freely concede to every American republic."

The one and only reservation of the United States to the convention for the pacific settlement of international disputes adopted at the first Hague conference in 1899 was:

> "Nothing contained in this convention shall be so construed as to require the United States of America to depart from its traditional policy of not intruding upon, interfering with, or entangling itself in the political questions or policy or internal administration of any foreign state."

Finally, Woodrow Wilson, in his Mobile speech, declared:

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"The United States will never seek an additional foot of territory by conquest."

These declarations are unequivocal and should be clear, although a few others from similar sources might give rise to a doubt in the minds of those skeptically inclined. The first of these was Secretary of State Olney's assertion that the United States "is practically sovereign on this continent and its fiat is law upon the subject to which it confines its utterances." Theodore Roosevelt also said:

> "We have not the slightest desire to secure territory at the expense of any of our neighbors. . . . All this country desires is to see neighboring countries stable, orderly and prosperous. If every country . . . would follow the program . . . which Cuba has shown . . . all questions of interference with their affairs would be at an end. . . . The adherence of the United States to the Monroe Doctrine may force the United States however reluctantly in flagrant cases of such wrong-doing or impotence to the exercise of an international police power."

Elihu Root also introduced a sort of geographical sliding scale enforcement into the conception of the Monroe Doctrine, saying in 1914:

> "It is plain that the building of the Panama Canal greatly accentuates the practical necessity of the Monroe Doctrine as it applies to all the territory surrounding the Caribbean or near the Bay of Panama. . . . Undoubtedly, as one passes to the south and the distance from the Caribbean increases the necessity of maintaining the rule of Monroe becomes less immediate and apparent."

No such declarations, however, *per se* could reasonably be considered as cancelling the repeated, emphatic, and fervent public utterances of the directors of our foreign policies,—Mr. Hughes being just now the most audible utterer,—concerning the United States' total lack of desire for further expansion and its profound respect for the sovereignty of others.

Unfortunately these utterances are sharply contradicted by the facts. It is impossible in the limited space of this article to cite the overwhelming record of the American occupations of Nicaragua, Haiti, and Santo Domingo, evidence which was thoroughly concealed from the American public by a military

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censorship until the administrations responsible were partly "smoked out" by the efforts of small groups of patriotic and high-minded citizens.

Finding the Haitians unwilling to accept a treaty which made of their free and independent republic,—next to ours the oldest in this hemisphere,—a dependency, armed forces of the United States, taking advantage of a momentary revolutionary disturbance, landed, seized the custom houses, proclaimed martial law, imposed a dummy president, and "by military pressure," to use the words of Admiral Caperton, the commanding American officer, forced a treaty on the Haitians. Subsequently, in the course of "pacification," the Occupation slaughtered some three thousand Haitians, including women and children. It abolished the old Haitian Constitution which restricted the ownership of land to natives, dispersed the legislature at the point of the bayonet when it refused to adopt another Constitution, of which Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt boasted authorship, and then proceeded by means of a fraudulent plebiscite to impose this American-made document.

The occupation of Santo Domingo was equally ruthless. Among the benefits it conferred was a loan from American bankers imposed by the military government bearing interest to yield from 9.07 per cent to 18.91 per cent. The pretext that anarchy and disorder necessitated intervention does not bear scrutiny. In the Senate, Senator Borah pointed out:

> "In 1915 we went to Haiti largely under the same circumstances and conditions under which we went to Nicaragua. . . . It was said that we went there for the purpose of restoring law and order. If we had gone there for that purpose we never should have done the things which we did after we arrived there. The things which we did indicated that we were not there temporarily for the purpose of restoring law and order, but for a more permanent and abiding reason.
>
> "No American citizen had been killed in Haiti; no American property had been destroyed; no offense had been committed against our people. The Haitian people were at peace with all the world. They were at peace with the United States and they had committed no outrages and no wrongs against the American citizens who may have been in Haiti, nor had they confiscated or destroyed any property belonging to them.

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> "We talk about the sacredness of life and the security of property in Haiti. Property was just as secure and life just as sacred in Haiti when we entered as it is in some parts of this country, even in some of our large cities."

The story of the seizure and conquest of the two small and inoffensive republics of Haiti and Santo Domingo at the very time we were preparing to sacrifice thousands of American lives to "make the world safe for democracy" is quite incredible. (To those who desire more light is recommended a study of the debate in our Senate reported in the Congressional Record for June 19, 1922, or the Report of Select Committee under Senate Resolution 119 of the Sixty-Seventh Congress.)

Now what has this to do with the Monroe Doctrine? Precisely nothing. The address which launched it nowhere assumes our right to act as policeman, jury, judge, and executioner in respect to other countries in this hemisphere, to land our forces at our will and pleasure against theirs, to overthrow their governments and to make war on them in all but name. Neither to be sure is such a course in any way prohibited. Obviously the founding fathers never contemplated such a possibility. They were devoted to the cause of independence. They had never heard of manifest destiny or Nordic superiority. The Monroe Doctrine was essentially to be a guarantee for the preservation of new-found liberties, a barrier against the possibility of "oppressing and controlling" little countries.

That latter day politicians and publicists now advocate what they choose to call "a militant Monroe Doctrine" or to define a Caribbean and Central American sphere where the doctrine shall be "intensively" applied, is their right, but it has nothing to do with President Monroe or his friend Thomas Jefferson or John Quincy Adams, or any of the great men of that day who loved liberty passionately, and would, like the late Senator Hoar, have said, "I hope I may never live to see the day when the interests of my country are placed above its honor."

Today not only the honor but the interests of the United States require a clarification, a reaffirmation of the Monroe

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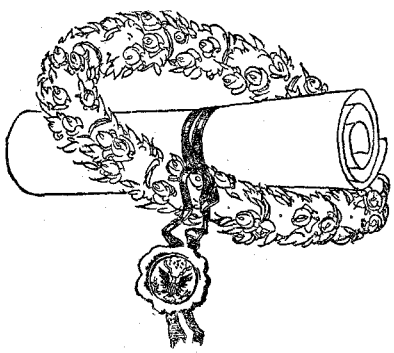
Doctrine. Not that its meaning is not clear, but because like many another noble precept it has been used to cloak sinister and selfish designs. No need exists to "scrap" the original Monroe Doctrine. Though there is no immediate danger, it is just as well to guard,—until the world becomes more civilized and abolishes war,—against the possibility of conquest from abroad of the weaker countries of this hemisphere.

But what the beneficiaries of this policy feel a far greater need of just now is protection from their protector whom they call "The Colossus of the North." Our administrations,—and I wish to distinguish emphatically between them and the American people, although they are supposedly the people's servants,—could very easily establish their good faith. They could achieve what five Pan-American Conferences have not accomplished. They could cement the friendships of twenty sister nations and remove the present apprehensions.

To do this they need but reaffirm the Monroe Doctrine of James Monroe and to entrust its application to all the various nations that it concerns; to evacuate the little countries we have conquered by right of might, and to pledge ourselves that any future police action which might seem essential would follow only joint Pan-American sanction and be entered into jointly. By doing this we should lose nothing in security, but on the contrary gain in safety through the increased friendship and good-will of our neighbors. Above all we should demonstrate that we are living up to our oft-repeated declarations of faith, —to the faith and ideal that is our most precious heritage.



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COOLIDGE AS A BOY

HORACE GREEN

FROM the plain men of Vermont who knew the President in his boyhood, Mr. Green has gleaned anecdotes and comments that cannot fail to throw an interesting light on the most discussed personality of the hour. Herewith is presented the first of three installments of "The Life of Calvin Coolidge," by arrangement with Duffield and Company. The author has aimed to furnish a personal biography of the President, not a political euolgy.

AMONG American statesmen whom Calvin Coolidge most admires, and whom in certain traits of character —and fate—he most resembles, Lincoln stands foremost. For public men of this generation to hang their hat on the Lincoln peg is so common a practice, that comparison of the Great Emancipator with the little Vermonter is often attributed to friends more prejudiced than wise. But investigation reveals interesting similarities. Lincoln's mother died when the lad was nine years old; his stepmother, Sarah Bush Lincoln, was the only mother he could remember. Coolidge's mother died when the boy was twelve; he was also fortunate in having a devoted stepmother, to whom he attributes much that is of value in his up-bringing.

Lincoln, as we know, was assassinated on Good Friday; Coolidge was born on the Fourth of July. Lincoln became known in some measure through his gift of pithy expression, of restating political and moral truths upon which many people were already agreed. Likewise Coolidge. In the case of neither has the output been spontaneous, but rather the product of painful drilling on a single thought. Compared with others of their time, neither stands out as an orator. Lincoln's enemies called him "a low-down, cunning clown." "Who is this trickster in politics?" asked Wendell Phillips. Coolidge's enemies describe him as a canny ward politician. "A cold, narrow,

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unenlightened reactionary . . . made by myth," shrieks the New York "Nation," "a man whose political utterances reveal no spark of originality . . . only intellectual nakedness."

Had not a great moral crisis, which he was peculiarly fitted to handle, arisen contemporaneous with his years of vigor, Lincoln might well have remained a mediocre State Senator. It is easy to imagine that a Washington, a Roosevelt, or a Clemenceau would force himself into prominence in any age or circumstances. Not so Lincoln, and much less so Coolidge. Had it not been for the police strike, for Murray Crane, Frank W. Stearns, and the tragedy at San Francisco, Coolidge might also have remained a mediocre State Senator.

These comparisons are not put down for the sake of emphasizing a Lincoln-Coolidge likeness: a foolish measure of estimate at the best, and certainly unwelcome to Coolidge. They are sufficient to show *where* the line of reasoning started.

We know that the Greeks chose their generals with reference primarily to those on whom the gods smiled and that under that score Coolidge would indeed have been general of the combined armies. Does that make any difference? Suppose that the Boston police had refused to strike, and that Coolidge had returned to the northern half of No. 21 Massassoit Street, Northampton, a highly respected has-been? Or that he had been at the New Willard Hotel, Washington, D. C., during Mr. Harding's illness, and that the country had missed that legend-provoking scene of taking the oath in the three-room cottage by the light of a kerosene lamp? In Massachusetts his good fortune is such a byword,—one repeats the story with due reverence,—that when the news of his Vice-Presidential nomination trickled over the wires, Ralph Hemenway, his law partner, exclaimed:

"With Cal's luck, I'd hate to be in Mr. Harding's shoes!"

What of it? He was prepared. Has the fact been entirely overlooked that whenever Luck came round the corner, Coolidge always spoke up, "May I have this?" and stood there, ready to take her by the arm?

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In the matter of ancestry Coolidge is far removed from Lincoln, whose background proved a dark grove to most investigators. Coolidge's immediate genealogy is as clear as the waters of the Black River, near whose banks he was born. The Presidential Coolidges are not closely related to the aristocratic Boston family of the same name, in spite of the fact that as Mr. Coolidge became prominent, increasing efforts were made, not by him, to establish the fact. It is said that the Back Bay Coolidges turned up their noses at the upstate Senator with the Yankee drawl and glum manners, while the latter no doubt reciprocated with a slight elevation of his own proboscis.

It is, nevertheless, established that all American branches are descended from the original John Coolidge, who was born in Cambridge in 1604, and who with his wife and infant son came to America about 1630, and settled in Watertown, Massachusetts. The family dates back to 1495 in England. John Coolidge left property, five sons, and three daughters. His descendants crop up at various times in the history of Watertown: a farmer; a carpenter; a soldier in King Phillip's War; a Justice of the Peace called esquire; also a soldier in the Revolutionary War; a Harvard graduate; a Harvard D.D.L. who thereafter became light-headed in demeanor (obviously no relative of the President); an inn holder; and a deacon. The son of the original John took "Oath of Fidelitie" in 1652, and acquired—not simultaneously—two wives and fourteen children. One Jonathan Coolidge of the third generation was a member of Captain Goof's Company in the expedition against the Spanish West Indies, where he was "one of those who did not desert, but remained faithful unto his duty."

Between the Watertown and Boston Coolidges and the Coolidges of Vermont, there is a distinct gap. For six generations the latter have lived and for three generations they have died within a stone's throw of Cilley's general store at Plymouth, where the President was born. The orginator of this line was a John Coolidge, of Lancaster, who married Anne Priest, of Marlboro, and moved to Plymouth soon after the War

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of the Revolution, probably in 1780 or 1781. The line then is: Calvin Coolidge, born about 1780; Calvin Galusha, born about 1815, and Colonel John Calvin Coolidge, born in 1845, the President's father.

In April, 1923, the then Vice-President wrote to Mrs. Almon W. Coolidge, of Rochester, New York, the following:

> "I have your interesting letter. I have no doubt that your letter was from my father, who is John C. Coolidge and writes a very even hand. There was a Josiah born in 1718, as you say. I suppose he is the father of John Coolidge who was married in Lancaster September '77 or '78, and went to Plymouth, Vt., soon after 1780. This John was my grandfather's grandfather. There was an Obediah named in the census of Plymouth in 1790. I never knew who he was.
>
> "I should be very much pleased to get your authority for your statement that John was the son of Josiah. John died in 1822 and was at that time 66, which would make him born in 1756. . . . The whole family is nearly all gone. John had five children. Some of his descendants live in Atlanta, Ga. Some are in the West. Some are at Ludlow, Vt.
>
> "I am very much interested in finding out how you know who the children of Josiah were, for I have never been able to be certain who the father of John was and, of course, who his brothers and sisters were.
>
> "Sincerely yours,
> "(CALVIN COOLIDGE.)"

To Guy Coolidge, of Hobart, Coolidge, then Vice-President, wrote at another time:

> "When I was a boy, a tradition in my family was that we were relatives of the Jonas Coolidge family, but that there had been some falling out between them and the Luther Coolidges (the latter therefore, spelled their name with an 'e'). Luther was a son of John. Luther's brother, Calvin, was my greatgrandfather, and his family always kept the 'i'."

The President's immediate forbears were respectable, contented farmers and storekeepers. The farming was a hand-to-mouth proposition, from plow to user, so to speak, rather than for transportation and sale, with its modern problems. Grandfather Galusha was this sort of farmer, and the President's father, John Calvin Coolidge, in addition to being storekeeper, was at various times notary public, deputy sheriff, constable, selectman, and state assessor, chosen from the little community.

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He also served in both branches of the State legislature, and became "Colonel" by virtue of being on the staff of former Governor W. W. Stickney.

Coolidge's mother was Victoria Josephine Moor, and, as mentioned, died when he was thirteen years of age. His stepmother, Carrie G. Brown, died in 1920. About the mother's ancestry, though she was of substantial New England stock, less is recorded. Even in the little family tintypes one can see where the President got his compressed lips, the droop at the corners of the mouth, the restful eyes. A schoolmate of Coolidge's told the writer that a composite picture of the President in various activities was like "looking at both his father and mother, only you saw more of the mother."

From every corner of the state,—and from other states,—the people come. Limousines and lesser lizzies stand outside. The Colonel himself opens the door. They come in hesitating, gaping, drinking in the scene, while the Colonel hurries his refrain:—"Brattleboro? Yes, Ma'am. I've heard that name. You are now standing where he took the oath. That is the table; here is the Bible. He was under the lamp facing toward the door. Now if you care to sign the book so the next lady can have the pen. . . ."

Sometimes there are many, sometimes few. Over three hundred came on one day in August. Toward evening they taper off, and the Colonel, a conscientious host, goes to the rocker. One night when the crowd had gone he sat in the back room faced by the setting sun. Slowly, very slowly, he fingered the leaves of a little album, and stopped,—at a face as sweet and true as you have ever seen.

"His mother was a good woman," murmured the old Colonel. And after a solid minute's pause, "Yes, a good woman. . . . I haven't looked at these pictures for nearly fifteen years."

The name Plymouth suggests a fair-sized settlement. The impression is the result of erroneous association with Plymouth, Massachusetts, and Plymouth, England.

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Interminably the train winds along the Connecticut River. North of Hartford the inland express to Boston goes through Springfield. Here is a fifteen-minute connection. Northward again on the White River Junction local, through Holyoke and Northampton. Small Connecticut manufacturing towns give way to the flat farm lands of lower Massachusetts; turnips and corn stalks go by; drying tobacco leaves stick out through the sheds with every other plank removed. Above Holyoke the fields are hillier, the air crisper; the leaves and the conductor both get redder.

Bellows Falls, at last, and lunch. The brakeman shouts "Mawnin' " to the red-faced girl behind the check apron; in a jiffy steak, apple pie, and cheese are inside him, and he and his toothpick are telling the girl good-bye. Change cars for the local northwestward to Ludlow. Now the fields are still hillier, the foliage becomes scarlet, the voices snappier, cheeks seem even redder. The newsdealer owns the smoking car.

"Goin' to see the old man? *Sure* he'll talk if you strike him right. But say! I'm in wrong with the President, I am. Don't happen to be acquainted, you know,—he ain't been up much the last few years. The other day on the Burlington route it was kind of crowded, and I seen a man sittin' down in my seat, and puttin' his truck on top of my papers. I bawled out to him 'What the h—— do you think this is!' and grabs the stuff from under him.

"Pretty soon they tell me the Vice-President of the whole United States was in my car. Just been over to his father-in-law's funeral at Burlington. Gosh! Pretty soon I see him sittin' readin' the paper right in the seat where I bawled him out! I sneaked by the seat and the Vice-President gave me a sort of a grin out of the corner of his mouth. So I guess there ain't much harm done."

Ludlow, Vermont, the nearest railroad stop to Plymouth, is a clean looking town. It is situated in a valley surrounded by the greenest of the Green Mountains. Blindfolded, a native would know it. The air has a tang like the voices of its inhab-

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itants; crisp yet calm, friendly yet reserved, moving slowly, yet with a purpose. The mill machinery buzzes, but contentedly. Okemo Tavern provides one good bed and three good meals for three dollars. Therefore is the stranger also content. The Black River, not thirty yards broad, moves silently down the valley; above it floats the smoke of the noon train, mingling with the smell of burning leaves. One recalls Coolidge's words:

> "Vermont is my birthright. Here, one gets close to Nature, in the mountains, in the brooks, the waters of which hurry to the sea; in the lakes, shining like silver in their green setting; fields tilled, not by machinery, but by the brain and hand of man. My folks are happy and contented. They belong to themselves, live within their income, and fear no man."

A tin lizzie carries you the rest of the way along those lakes, literally "shining like silver in their green setting." Along one of them lives Dan McCuen, genial dwarf, who went to school with Calvin. What McCuen says he most recollects is "that Cal was a right smart fisherman,—seemed to have a knack of waiting for 'em."

Mr. Ford's equipage honks uphill past the store that constitutes Plymouth Union, at length to what was and still is known as Plymouth "Notch." In these surroundings, the President was born on July 4, 1872.

John Calvin Coolidge's well-known aversion to verbosity, according to one informant, was the result of a psychological experiment, or more likely a mesmeric accident, on the night of his birth. Although unable to corroborate the incident at the hands of his father or his aunt, Mrs. J. J. Wilder, an amusing theory is advanced by the Hon. R. M. Washburn, Coolidge's colleague in the Massachusetts Senate.

In order to quiet the child of destiny, whose shrieks could be heard above the battle's,—we should say rattle's,—roar, there was given him a picture of the honorable Count of Orange, William the Silent! He hugged it to his bosom. The effect was immediate, life long.

When Calvin was thirteen years old he tied a leather strap

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around Greenough's Latin Grammar and the small Bible his mother had given him, and walked the eleven miles to the Black River Academy at Ludlow. He was auburn-haired, never fiery-red, as they say. Nor was his temperament fiery. He was calm, unruffled, thoughtful, neat, and well-dressed for a country youth.

The schoolhouse is on a high bank above the river. It is a good-sized, three-floored, red brick building, with a belfry, and, now, a new annex. The belfry is celebrated.

One morning when Coolidge was in his second year at school there had been some deviltry or other, and the principal threatened to toll the school bell early. He sent the bell puller to the tower. Yank! The bell wouldn't ring. Investigation revealed that a small-sized jackass had been taken up three flights into the tower and tied to the bell rope! The conspirators have not been revealed. Who did it remains today a secret far safer than Tutankhamen's. It is known, however, that a prominent Massachusetts legislator and a well-known merchant were involved. A few months ago there was a meeting of the Trustees of the Black River Academy,—among them Frank W. Agan, classmate and friend of the President, who runs the biggest mill in the section; Colonel R. E. Hathorne; and Captain E. A. Howe. It was suggested that after all these years it was time to tell the names of the mule party. Agan jumped to his feet with the statement that, in view of *"present public events,* it is more than ever important to respect the pledge of silence."

Although the implication is obvious,—especially when the non-communicative, not to say, secretive nature of the person is considered,—there is only one way to settle the question. That is, to burst into a Cabinet meeting and put it up to the President. His answer, in the words of Theodore Roosevelt's story, would undoubtedly be, "Silence. And a d——n little of that!" We should add that Colonel Coolidge doubts his boy was involved.

In these youthful estimates appears a baffling note. "Cal never was a world beater"; "Wasn't any better or any worse than anyone else"; "Ought to do well enough,"—are the various

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comments heard. The inquirer attributes it to resentment or even jealousy,—until the truth dawns that it is the essence of pride, both in the things of Vermont and in the institutions of America. "He's one of us" they seem to say; "why shouldn't he be President?"

The father's random remarks are typical: "He never got into much trouble. . . . No, I never remember to have spanked him . . . a pretty good lad . . . used to read a lot, handy around the farm . . . yes, it was in Calvin's thirteenth year that his mother died. Let me see, his grandfather died when Calvin was about six; his sister Abbie,—let's see, that is Abbie in the tin-type,—she died March 6, 1890, when she was fourteen. He had no brothers. Lost his mother and his only sister within four years. So he went around by himself, mostly."

Possibly these bereavements at a sensitive age deepened that taciturnity which has become the Coolidge legend. Certain it is that the boy, thoughtful by nature, was thrown more than ever on himself to ponder the meaning of life, and its endings. Shyness may have been a contributing factor. To an intimate of later years the President confessed that if he heard voices of neighbors in the parlor, his almost irresistible impulse was to slip in by the back door unobserved. But particularly in the habit of reticence, broken by salty epigrams, does he reveal traits of the soil; for the smaller the community, the less is small talk honored. Above all, the silences have the sombre quality of the hills from which he springs: fruitful, clean, and unperturbed. They resemble, too, the little Black River, smoothly, peacefully,—at times a little slyly,—but with unutterable confidence, flowing, always flowing, on its own mysterious mission to the sea.

The next installment will deal with Coolidge's college days and early Northampton life,—the basis of his political philosophy; the story of the plug hat race; and the oration of the trees. "A Shaver's Romance" is the title given to Mr. Coolidge's first meeting with the future mistress of the White House.

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AT THE LAST ASSEMBLY

HAMILTON HOLT

THAT the League of Nations has gained, rather than lost in prestige, through the settlement of the Corfu dispute is the conclusion of one American who was present as an observer at the deliberations of the Council during the Fourth Assembly. If Japan, which has no more fundamental interest in Europe than we have, can play a leading part in international adjustments, he asks, how can the United States be content to remain aloof?

OF all the problems that have so far confronted and tested the Council of the League of Nations, the most important was the dispute between Italy and Greece over Corfu. As I was present in Geneva and attended every open session of the Council while the controversy was under discussion, I am glad to bear my testimony. There has been much confusion of thought on the position of the League on this issue. Many people seem to think the League is a sort of super-state which imposes or claims the right to impose itself as an arbitrator of all international disputes. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The primary duty of the League under Articles X to XVI of the Covenant is to bring about a peaceful agreement of the disputants by the best available means in the circumstances. If the dispute can be settled through the ordinary channels of diplomacy, so much the better. If diplomacy fails, then comes conciliation, arbitration, or judicial settlement. Whether this takes place under the auspices of the League of Nations or not is quite immaterial.

It is evident, therefore, that the first duty of the League is to extend its good offices. The second is to make the settlement itself. The third duty,—if it be a duty at all, as there is no specific declaration in the Covenant on the matter,—is to pronounce judgment and assess guilt. Yet it is the third function which the critics of the League evidently have in mind when

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they speak of the League as having "side-stepped" the issue and "lost its prestige." If the duties of the League are as thus stated, it is evident that the Council of the League, by giving to the Conference of Ambassadors the terms which were afterwards accepted by both Greece and Italy, and adopted for the final settlement, has played no inconsiderable part in maintaining world peace.

It can be claimed for the League that its existence made it possible for Greece to avoid the dangerous alternative of a humiliating surrender or a disastrous war, and relieved other states from extreme anxiety; that it brought the dispute into an international forum where world opinion could become operative; that it raised the discussion to a level higher than ever before possible; that it allowed steady and continuous negotiations to take place; that these negotiations led directly to a peaceful settlement accepted by all parties.

If, therefore, the League has proved itself eminently successful as an instrument for peacably settling a major dispute, has it been successful as an instrument of justice? Here opinions differ. There is little doubt but that Mussolini "got away" in large measure with his "high action." And yet it must be thoroughly understood that the Covenant of the League is not a criminal statute.

I wish every good citizen of America could have sat with me in the beautiful "glass room" in the office of the Secretariat in these thrilling moments when the Council was considering the dispute. Here were eleven distinguished representatives of eleven sovereign nations sitting quietly around a long green table. The debate was carried on in the ordinary tones of conversation. No one rose when he spoke. The whole atmosphere and procedure reminded me of a meeting of the board of directors of any American business corporation. It was rather the hundred representatives of the press of the world and the few privileged spectators who were tense with suppressed excitement.

Lord Robert Cecil, representing the greatest empire on earth, declared in measured words that the Italian position threatened

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the whole peace of Europe. Hymans, the Belgian first delegate, earnestly pointed out that although Belgium had suffered with Italy in the Great War and all her sympathies and loyalties were with that country, nevertheless, Belgium could not support Italy in this crisis. Branting, spokesman of Sweden, and perhaps more than any other delegate the spokesman of the world's toiling millions, declared in no unequivocal terms against Italy. Next came the delegate from Uruguay in the same vein. And presiding over the discussion was the statesman from far-off Japan, the nation whose attitude on all questions that have come before the League has probably been more nearly correct than that of any other power.

I could not help looking at the, figuratively, vacant seat at the table. I wondered if my fellow-countrymen were proud of the fact that we had no representative present at that critical hour to make our voice heard with brave little Belgium, with sturdy Sweden, and with our own American neighbor Uruguay. Are the American people really satisfied to maintain silence in this struggle between the new order and the old for the control of international relations? I am sure that we could have sat at that Council table without danger to our sovereignty and without any military or financial obligation, and yet have played the dominant rôle there.

I was conscious all the time I was in Geneva that a great international structure is growing up before the world's eyes. Yet in these extremely important formative days when decisions are being made and precedents are being established that are bound to have a great effect on the future of the world, the United States is standing completely aloof. Japan has less interest in Europe than we have and yet she is playing a part in the League for the good of the world that will forever redound to her honor, her courage, her unselfishness, and her common sense. She has lost no prestige by championing this side or that. She has not become entagled in affairs that do not concern her. Why cannot we take our stand by her side?

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CLUES TO PREHISTORIC LIFE

WILLIAM DILLON MATTHEW

DISCOVERIES made by the Third Asiatic Expedition in Mongolia during the past two years have not only fulfilled the hopes of Henry Fairfield Osborn and his associates of the American Museum of Natural History, but have opened up a vast new field of knowledge regarding the animal life of the last ten million years. Dr. Matthew thinks there is reason to believe that we are at last on the track of discovering the ancestry of man.

WHO is not thrilled at the thought of discovering an unknown continent? Who has not lived in fancy as a companion to the great discoverers of a few centuries ago, coasting the shores and exploring the rivers of a new world, admiring its strange vegetation and its varied kinds of animals, some splendid and handsome, some terrifying or grotesque? Few can resist the fascination of a well-told story of discovery and adventure, even in the unrealities of fiction. But how much more enthralling if we knew that the story was true,—that we could verify it with our own eyes, at the expense of ten cents' carfare to the museum. The age of great discoveries in geography has passed. Yet it was not so long ago that the little world of western civilization lay surrounded on all sides by the darkness of the unknown. The romance of those great days of exploration and adventure is still with us and lures men on even in the teeth of the Antarctic blizzards. But in sober fact we must admit that the exploration of the earth's surface is completed in its broader lines, and it remains only to fill in details here and there.

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So too with its animal and plant life. The zoölogist exploring foreign regions sends in collections and discovers new species or supplements our scanty knowledge of the habits and character of others, and all these are valuable contributions to science. But they are discoveries of detail; they are not novelties in a large revolutionary sense. The okapi, found some fifteen years ago in central Africa by Sir Harry Johnston, was perhaps the last large wild animal to remain wholly unknown. The rumors that come in from time to time of unknown beasts living in remote regions fade out when investigated, and show only how keen an interest such stories arouse.

But the palæontologist, the fossil-hunter, is still living in the age of discovery. While our knowledge of the modern animal life of the world is reasonably complete, our knowledge of its past life is but a scanty region of light surrounded by oceans and continents unexplored and unknown. Bit by bit our explorations into the past are bringing to light and outlining upon the map great continents, great groups of animals long since extinct, whose very existence was totally unsuspected a century ago. Every new voyage, every new expedition, may hope to bring back not merely confirmation of what has already been discovered, but evidence of some wholly new find, some creature hitherto unknown to science. And the more one studies the recent progress of discovery in this field and the opportunities for the future, the more apparent it becomes that the age of discovery in palæontology is still in its early years, and that the romance of exploration and adventure will find a congenial outlet in this field for a long time to come.

Palæontology, and particularly that section of it dealing with the higher animals, or vertebrates, has developed in a remarkable way in the past half-century, especially under the auspices of a group of American scientists of whom Leidy, Cope, and Marsh were the pioneers, and Henry Fairfield Osborn is the leading spirit today. These men have developed methods of exploration, of collecting and preparing fossil skeletons, of research and reconstruction of the animal life of the past, which

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in time will give us a knowledge far from complete indeed, but at least comparable with what we know of the present. In the early days little was known of fossil vertebrates with the exception of specimens from western Europe and a few from the eastern United States, and these mostly fragmentary accidental finds or quarry specimens, saved by the quarrymen and sold for a small consideration to museums. The discovery that the bad lands and arid intermontane regions of the Western States afforded an almost unlimited field for exploration for fossil vertebrates led to the development of trained collectors and systematic expeditions from the great museums, in which the American Museum of Natural History under Osborn's leadership has played an important part. The results attainable by these methods are shown in the great array of fossil skeletons exhibited on the fourth floor of this museum and similar exhibits in other institutions.

Exploration even in this country is very far from being completed, but the similar regions in foreign lands have been scarcely touched. Each of the great continents has now and has had in the past, its characteristic animal life, more or less different from the others and influenced by the local environment and by migration from one continent to another. The extent and character of the continents, their relations to each other, their climatic conditions and vegetation, have changed again and again in geologic time as mountains and plateaus were uplifted or eroded, plains sunk beneath sea-level, or shallow seas converted into land.

All this complex and changing relationship is reflected in the history and evolution of the animal life of the different regions, which in many cases affords a clue to geologic changes that could not otherwise have been proved to occur. Thus when we see that the animals of the British Isles are practically identical with those of continental Europe, we cannot well question that a dry-land connection existed not long ago geologically, although the geologic proofs of its existence lie buried beneath the waters of the North Sea and the English Channel.

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Asia, as the largest of the continents and centrally situated,—with Europe, Africa, and North America lying adjacent to the west, southwest, and northwest; with India and the East Indian islands to the south and southeast,—has long been regarded as the probable centre from which various races of animals might have originated and spread to the other continents at different geological periods, as opportunity permitted. For this hypothesis a great amount of indirect evidence has been adduced, and it has been strongly advocated by Professor Osborn and others. But the direct evidence,—comparing the past animal life of Asia with that of other continents and finding in Asia the ancestors of animals that appeared later in other regions,—was not to be had, as the past animal life of Asia was practically unknown, except for a limited knowledge of the palæontology of India. But the animal life in India and southeastern Asia is today very different from that of the rest of the continent, and there are geological reasons to believe that it was even more different in past ages. Central Asia from the Urals to the Pacific, from the Himalayas to the Arctic, was undiscovered country to the palæontologist.

This unknown central continent was of peculiar interest as the region in which we might hope to discover the ancestors of man. Western Europe has thus far furnished most of our evidence of fossil man; but the general opinion of students was that man came into that country as an invader,—probably from Asia, possibly from Africa or the Orient. A few scientists claimed North America as the place of his origin, and a distinguished Argentinian stoutly argued for his native country as the primeval home of our race. Meantime a large and influential body of theologians, adroit with tongue and pen, and unhampered by any real acquaintance with the scientific facts, denied violently that man had any ancestors anywhere at all. The main difficulty with the evidence for human evolution has been that the palæontological documents in the case are scanty and fragmentary, and Asia appears to be the most promising region to search for additional data.

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For these reasons the American Museum had planned for several years past to take up serious explorations for fossils in Asia, and, through its representatives and friends abroad, had been quietly gathering information as to promising regions, conditions, and methods of expeditionary work and other preliminary data. A region of extensive bad lands resembling those of Wyoming was regarded as affording the best opportunity for the fossil hunters, and Curator Roy Chapman Andrews, in charge of our zoölogical explorations in Asia, reported that the great deserts of Inner and Outer Mongolia were much this type of country.

Returning to New York, Mr. Andrews planned and organized a combined zoölogical, geological, and palæontological expedition on a larger scale than any previously attempted. Associate Curator Walter Granger was appointed palæontologist, Professor C. P. Berkey of Columbia, geologist, and Professor F. K. Morris of Tientsin University, topographer. Upon these three men the quality of the geological and palæontological results depended; the admirable organization of the party and the success in overcoming all sorts of difficulties, avoiding accidents and trouble, and accomplishing a very large amount of exploratory work in a limited time, is due to Andrews' skilful leadership and well-selected personnel.

The first season's work in 1922 was largely reconnaissance, and showed that the field was rich and extensive to a degree that we had hardly dared to hope. For the second season we therefore added to the party three expert fossil collectors, and undertook intensive collecting work in the most promising areas. This season has been a splendid success, according to cabled reports just received at the time of writing, announcing the securing of a huge collection of skulls and skeletons of dinosaurs and extinct mammals belonging to nine or ten different geological horizons, from the early Cretaceous to the middle Tertiary. We have, it seems, secured the materials to reconstruct a history of the land animals of central Asia that we can compare with their contemporary evolution in America and Western Europe.

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But it is evident from the reconnaissance last year that this great collection is only the beginning of what can be done in Mongolia, and will be done as fast as is practicable. In Granger's judgment the field is so extensive that it will not be exhausted in ten or twenty years of active exploration, and there is every reason to believe that, as in Western America, continued exploration will open up many new areas and new geological horizons not seen by the first year's reconnaissance. Mr. Granger, like President Coolidge, is a Vermonter noted for the careful conservatism of his estimates, and we expect with entire confidence to be able in time to make our Asiastic record of life as full and extensive as the American record.

What will be the nature of this record? Already we have an inkling from the spoils of our last year's expedition. It will demonstrate in the first place the orderly succession and evolution of life under natural law in Asia, as elsewhere. We shall be able to trace the rise, prosperity, and dominance of different races through successive geologic epochs, their final extinction and the appearance of new races to take their place in the fauna. We shall be able to show in Asia, as in America, how each race plays its part, becomes adapted in structure and habits to its especial mode of life and the conditions of its environment.

We shall find a multitude of new kinds of extinct animals, some of them nearly related to species known from America, from Europe, from India or elsewhere, while others will be widely different from anything discovered in other continents. In arranging these animals from successive geologic epochs in the races, or "phyla," of which each represents a particular stage existing at a particular time, we shall find that the phyla fall into three groups:

First: races unknown outside of Asia which evolved wholly within that region and have never migrated to other regions. These will have no relatives in other regions save for the common primitive stock, more widely distributed in an earlier age, from which they, along with other races in other continents, have descended. Such a type probably is the *baluchitherium,* whose

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discovery has been featured in the newspapers, and several lesser creatures already discovered.

Second: races which evolved in other countries and subsequently made their way to Asia, where they appear as invading types in the fauna of a certain age. Such are the camels and apparently the horses, which evolved in North America during the whole of the Tertiary period but are not found in Asia until near its end in the Pliocene.

Third: races which evolved in Asia and subsequently spread to other continents. These will probably be a very numerous and important part of the successive faunas and are of especial significance, because among them we expect to find the ancestors of the greater part of the dominant higher animals of modern times, and may at least hope to find the ancestry of man.

Whether, and to what extent, our expectations and hopes will be verified remains to be seen. We know surely that we have secured much and can secure far more of the evidence—the fossil documents—that will settle these problems definitely and conclusively and remove them from the realm of theory to that of demonstrated fact.

Thus far the expedition has made no discoveries that throw light on the ancestry of man or his nearest relatives. That is not surprising; such remains are rare fossils everywhere and are to be expected only in late Tertiary formations, which have not yet been found in extensive exposures in Mongolia, nor have we secured more than a few fragmentary fossils from them. Neither have we yet any series of land formations in Mongolia representing the older part of the age of reptiles or the geological ages that preceded it. These great gaps in the geological succession may be filled, if not in Mongolia then perhaps in other parts of Central Asia. But the field for exploration and research which we have discovered and mapped out in Mongolia is quite extensive enough to test the resources of one museum before it is adequately exploited, the material prepared and studied, and the scientific data digested and incorporated into our knowledge of geologic history.

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Meanwhile for years to come we shall have the privilege of finding and revealing new and interesting extinct animals, new evidence on the origin, evolution, and migration of many kinds of mammals and reptiles, and on the geological history, climate, and ancient geography of Asia and other regions. It will take years of careful work by our staff of skilled preparators to extract from the rock and prepare for study and exhibition the great collection of skulls and skeletons secured already, and these are but a part of what we shall surely secure by continued field work. It takes almost as long for the palæntologist to discover a new continent as it did for the geographer in the days of Columbus and Vespucci. But, to my mind at least, it is an undertaking no less filled with the joys of discovery and high adventure.

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ON PICKET DUTY

ANNIE MARION MACLEAN

AN industrial worker who took turn about as "scab" and "picket" during a strike of women employees in a collar factory, gives her impressions of a struggle in which much personal bravery and a good deal of bad language were expended in a forlorn cause. A picture of the misery that can be created in an industrial community by the advent of a little machine which was "no more important looking than an egg beater."

"WHAT ya want to go to Keeney Street for?" inquired a cabby with a belligerent mien when I asked to be taken to a given street number in a miserable mill town where I had just arrived. I was standing outside the railway station wondering how I could find Jane Gower when a rickety cab rolled up and I hailed the driver. "That's no place to go," he continued. "They's raisin' hell up there with strikin' an' scabbin'." "That is just where I want to go," I replied, "and if you won't take me, I'll get someone else." But that was easier said than done.

I finally discovered from another down-at-the-heel cabman that they "had orders from the p'lice to keep 'way from there." That being the case, I started on foot, and after slipping about on slush-covered ice for a couple of miles, found my friend Jane Gower in her tiny office sitting superb among a lot of shattered idols. Jane was my friend from the moment I saw her. I went to Monroe to meet her because she was with rare pluck leading an industrial fight in that town. Fifteen hundred women rallied around her banner, and things were lively where the rallying went on. She was expecting me, and greeted me with: "Not a one of them white-livered cabbies dast drive you out here, an' you tuggin' that bag. Well, come in an' forget it." That was Jane. If you meet anything hard, "forget it," and go ahead just as if nothing had happened.

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Several women and two men were in the little room when I entered, and Jane introduced me thus: "Folks, here's Hannah Lane, come to help us an' learn a few things. That ain't her name, but I'm giving' it to her since they's stormy times here an' a name de plumy might come in handy for her. Brother Iverson wrote me sayin' she's all right."

"Come over by the stove. Ain't ya most froze?" said a little red haired girl in welcome. She had just come in to report on the pickets. "P'raps you'd like to go pickettin', Miss Lane," said Jane Gower. "You can find out what's goin' on later."

"Y' ain't allowed to say nothin'," instructed my companion as we walked down the hill to the sidewalk near one of the factories. "If ya do, the p'lice'll git ya. They're agin us. I run me tongue out at scabs. They can't git ya fer that."

The trouble in Monroe was in the collar industry, and one group of women, the starchers, had struck because of a sharp reduction in wages consequent upon the introduction of a labor saving device, and many others had joined in a sympathetic strike. As is often the case, a virile union had grown out of the struggle, and was fighting hard against the strike-breakers, though when I arrived on the scene it was with police-clipped wings. The fight had gone on for weeks, and the strike benefit was pitifully small, certainly not enough to keep bodies, not to mention souls, together during the biting winter weather. The factories were running full time with hundreds of new operatives whose work did not seem to be entirely satisfactory, judging from the complaints coming from the "trade." Training people took time, and the factory ranks were ever being depleted by new employees joining the strikers. Some could not stand having that little red haired girl's tongue run out at them, that was all there was about it.

Collar starching is a skilled trade. At the time of which I am speaking there was only one place in the country where it could be well done, and that was in Monroe. Starching new collars is, of course, a part of the laundry process, but it is much more than that. The starcher shapes the collar and makes it

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conform to pattern specifications. And if you, Mr. Big Business Man, buy your usual number eighteen and a half size and it keeps your mind on your Adam's apple all day, to the exclusion of such major matters as bonds and balances, you may put it down to bad starching at the beginning. You may ease your mind by taking the offending collar back to the store the next day. The store will return it to the factory where it had not been properly inspected to begin with. The factory will read the mysterious looking legend stamped inside and throw it back to an innocent looking little starcher who is "docked" or "fired" or reprimanded for your bad hours.

As I tell you these trade secrets, I shudder lest some of my work got an innocent millionaire in the neck. I worked as a starcher one day and this is what I did. The company was not pushing its new machine during the trouble, so I worked according to the old process. Standing by a table with a pile of washed, starched, and dried collars in front of me, I proceeded to take them one at a time, moisten them with cold unboiled starch from a bowl at hand, and shape them by stretching, pulling, pounding, and otherwise manipulating them with the aid of a little bone instrument that looked like a paper knife. Beside me was a wooden pattern with pegs upon which to hook the button holes.

Though the linen had been properly cut in the beginning, there were often slight variations in shape, and the washing had left the collars more or less twisted. I worked as fast as I could on size sixteen and a half that day, and it was not an easy job. Before night, my hands were blistered and I wanted to beat some one over the head with that wooden pattern. Such a fuss for a little decorative article like a collar! I have never been able to look upon a man's white linen collar since without a feeling of proprietary interest and undying hate. And I do wonder who wore my collars,—and if his language was very picturesque!

The company said the starching machines would enable the starchers to do three or four times as much work in a day as

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they did by the hand method, and though the rate was cut, the girls were assured they would make more than before.

"It's rotten lies," said Jane Gower. "The work's so poor we can't make half as much."

This was a serious matter for Jane and her friends. They were not girls; they had starched collars for years, and had acquired great skill. They had helped in no small way to make the reputation of Monroe's chief product, yet they were being brushed aside by something no more important looking than an egg beater. I felt then the utter futility of the struggle, but I felt, too, the manifest unfairness of a system which threw the burden of improvements on those least able to bear them.

It was only a day or two after my arrival in Monroe that Jane and I planned that I should seek work as a "scab" and see for myself what was going on inside. It was a simple enough matter for me to get work, since there were many strangers on a similar errand in town. Moreover, there was no danger; the factories were well guarded, unnecessarily so because the strikers were then law-abiding, at least so far as the letter of the law was concerned. Some of them had served jail sentences earlier in the struggle, but had wisely decided that a striker at large was worth a dozen in jail. The companies put no trust in what they apparently regarded as merely a law-abiding gesture, and placed guards everywhere. But I saw the pickets from the inside as well as from the line, and knew that their conduct was above reproach.

This was more than could be said of the strike-breakers. I was outside one factory during the lunch hour one day, and the scabs, well guarded and provided with a free lunch by the company, spent their spare time leaning out of the windows hurling at us the most disrespectful language they could command while we silently walked back and forth in the February slush. Wouldn't you, even if you were a pompous millionaire and your collar fitted perfectly, feel, at the very least, like running your tongue out at a girl who called you a "rotten hellcat," whatever that may be? There are indignities which seem more than

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the human heart can bear, and that is one of them as I can testify. In addition to uncomplimentary language, they threw down spit balls and crusts of bread. I can see those grinning creatures yet; they had our jobs, yet taunted and mocked us.

When I was on the inside up at the other end of town, the strike-breakers seemed well-behaved; they felt timid. There is something terribly grim about industrial warfare. Everybody in a free land undoubtedly has the right to work, yet there is nothing but hate in your heart when you see another take the job you left for a principle. The principle in Monroe was that a worker has a right to a living wage. Labor saving devices and piece rates were technicalities.

The seriousness of the conflict was apparent at the first meeting I attended where two thousand men and women crowded into a hall to hear about the women's fight. Jane Gower presided with noble reserve, and called upon me among other workers for a two-minute talk. "Hannah Lane," she said, "brings us a message of hope from the outside world where folks don't have to go hungry for a principle." We all knew the hall was full of spies, and conducted ourselves accordingly. Even though speech was necessarily curbed, the meeting was an inspiration to all. The real business of course was transacted in executive session. The struggle was conducted entirely by the women, although they had the benefit of advice from the more experienced men.

During my visit in Monroe, I lived with a striker, a widow with two small children. She had three comfortless, but clean rear rooms over a meat shop. As she had opportunity, she sub-let the space that was reserved for me; since this room was not within warming distance of the kitchen stove, the temperature was like that of an Esquimau's igloo. But what are physical comforts when moral issues are at stake? I had breakfast by the fire, with much discussion of the strike situation. The family had, the first morning, tactfully eaten earlier than I so that I might not be embarrassed by their scanty rations. Such innate courtesy was inspiring, but, when under-

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stood, somewhat upsetting to the emotions. Later we filled up the bare cupboard, and incidentally the empty cherubs. That mother could have been earning about twelve dollars a week at her trade instead of eking out an existence on three, if she had been willing to forsake her friends; but she was so sure of the righteousness of their cause that she sacrificed herself and her children unflinchingly. It did not seem fair to the babies, but parents have ever taken liberties with the lives of their offspring, and I suppose they will continue to do so while children are regarded as personal property. My hostess, Mrs. Ryan, had very definite ideas about fighting and starving till the last ditch was won, and the children prattled presumably the same sentiments.

When we started out for picket duty the first morning I was with Mrs. Ryan, I balked at her plan of locking the babes in the house. I hadn't the courage to leave them behind, and offered to carry the baby. The mother indulgently agreed and we sallied forth, the eldest child afoot,—the youngest in my arms. Nature had done much for me in the way of strength, but nothing in the way of experience as a child's express, so in spite of the various resting methods I devised, my arms nearly broke before noon under their unaccustomed load. Although the child could walk a little in the house, it had no suitable footwear for coping with snow.

The children really proved to be good publicity for our cause. Everybody spoke to them. Even a policeman said: "'Stoo cold to hev yer kid out," and that arch fiend, a scab, tossed a bag of peanuts out of a window at lunch time, "fer the kid." A local clergyman, walking through the area of belligerency, rebuked me roundly for neglecting my maternal duties. "Go to work, my good woman," he said. "You have no right to be on strike with a child like that. Where's the father? Loafing in a saloon, I suppose."

"He's in Heaven, sir," I answered piously, and trudged on.

A tragic aspect of industrial struggles is the readiness with which well-to-do citizens believe the worst of the poor who

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have staked their all in the contest. While I was in Monroe, I called on one or two casual acquaintances in the town, and told them I was there trying to learn something about the strike. My desire to know the truth was accepted as a forgivable eccentricity, and they proceeded to give me a version quite as distorted and less sincere than the one I got down on Keeney Street. One dear, Christian lady said Jane Gower should be lynched, and all trade unionists made to serve jail sentences because they were disturbers of the peace. A man of education and sober judgment in other matters advocated deportation from the state as a penalty for striking. Neither of these good people had given one serious thought to the questions underlying the dispute, nor made the slightest effort to understand a most unfortunate local situation.

The employers in Monroe could understand a scrimmage with men, but not with women. Their idea of dealing with women was to treat them like naughty children, and they never quite recovered from the feeling of grieved surprise when they found that the formula did not work. "Treatin' me like a child," said Jane, "me that has a fam'ly consistin' of a mother an' me drunken brother's three children to take care of. I'll teach 'em!"

Only once during the time Jane Gower and I were together did I see her let down the bars of her restraint and revert to the fighting female type. It was in the early evening, and we had just come from a little restaurant where we had eaten dinner. We came face to face with a man Jane had known for years and who was then taking a woman's job in one of the factories. She turned upon him like a fury and hissed "Scab!" with more venom than I had ever before heard put into a single word. She was, at the time, under peace bonds, and the man told her with much profanity that she would hear from that. She never did so far as I know; but if life in the trenches is more exciting than those moments are, I want to be forever far from the firing line. I expected any second to see the two fall in deadly combat, and wondered what I should do first. My palsied mind could only fix upon some such degrading contribution as kicking the

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brother starcher when Jane should get him down, as I was sure she would. Fortunately I was not called upon to render any such ignominious assistance.

The cause was a lost one for those brave women; it was lost from the beginning. It seems too bad that so much sincere activity had to be futile. There was vituperation on both sides, and accusation just and unjust. There was talk of black lists and boycotts and other harsh sounding measures, some of which were doubtless put into effect. Many of the employers never really understood what it was all about; they saw only chains dragging on the wheels of progress, and seemed confused. They were certainly not as black as they were painted by the artists down on Keeney Street. One woman said to me of her employer, for whom she had worked in perfect peace for eight years: "I wouldn't trust him but he'd shoot his own mother in the dark." A girl said at the same time: "They do say as how my boss killed a man onct."

Jane Gower's employer said to her one day when he met her on the street: "Jane, you're a fool. We always liked you and you liked us. I'll give you fifty dollars if you'll come back and bring those sheep with you."

Jane was obdurate. Readjustments came in the mills, but she was not there to benefit by them. Weeks slipped into months, months into years while strange racial groups came in through the gates and found their way to Monroe, and the starching process goes on without Jane and her stalwart band. Some of them turned their reluctant steps to kitchens; none of them ever again pridefully pounded cold starch into collars with the little bone instrument. Alien hands tend the machines today and alien tongues talk savagely sometimes about rates, but changed conditions make it impossible for a few women at a moment's notice to paralyze the industry.

My friend Jane Gower is asleep now on a hillside near the river, but while she lived she did what she thought was right for the women in her trade. Her last words to me, and I value them, were: "Hannah, lass, you're some picket!"

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INVESTING IN MEXICO

WILLIAM J. SHULTZ

A COMPETENT survey of investment opportunities in Mexico in ranching, mining, bonds, and oil. Although Mexico faces a prosperous future it offers at present no alluring prospects for the American promoter. In spite of the settlement of the dispute regarding subsoil rights, a policy of conservation, prohibitive export duties, and increased competition with California hinder the expansion of the Mexican petroleum industry, in which sixty per cent of the capital is controlled by American investors.

THERE are two newspapers published in Mexico City, "El Universal" and "Excelsior," which every business man in the city reads. When towards the end of August, the United States Department of State announced that the recognition agreement was satisfactory and that diplomatic relations between the two countries would be resumed, "El Universal" and "Excelsior" both published editorials to the effect that the seven lean years for Mexican business were now past, and all Mexican firms should prepare for prosperity. Within a few months, the capitalists of New York and Philadelphia and Chicago would be crossing the Rio Grande to mark out sites for new factories and invest their moneys in one or another branch of Mexican industry. The majority of Mexicans cherish these hopes today. Are they destined to disappointment?

There are four aspects of Mexican industry that have proved attractive in the past to American business men, and to which we might expect attention to be turned in the future. Under President Diaz, no inconsiderable sum of American money was invested in extensive haciendas or ranches, with a view to cattle-raising or the growing of sugar cane and allied crops. These haciendas owned by Americans, valued in 1910 at more than $105,000,000, were for the most part controlled by syndicates and corporations. The United States Sugar Company held one hun-

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dred and fifty thousand acres in Sinaloa in which three million dollars was invested; the Palomas Land and Cattle Company estimated its Chihuahua holdings at ten million.

Of greater significance to the economic development of Mexico were the activities of Americans who entered the country and established factories there or obtained franchises for the development of public utilities in various municipalities. Two thousand of the twelve thousand or more miles of railway in Mexico were owned by American companies. One publisher estimated that Americans operated mining and smelting properties valued at $250,000,000. So great was the demand for the materials of basic industries and manufactured articles that these ventures were usually highly profitable.

A third sphere of interest for the American investor was offered by the loans and the bond issues of the federal government and the states, and the securities of the very few Mexican corporations that enjoyed an internationally recognized standing. None of these securities were ever very popular in the United States, even during the rule of Porfirio Diaz, and were for the most part absorbed in England and France. A few, nevertheless, did make a place for themselves on American exchanges. Twenty-two million dollars of the Mexican external debt was held in this country, as compared to one hundred and twenty million in England and one hundred million in France.

But in recent years Mexico has developed a greater attraction than any of these three—petroleum. Since 1910, it has been the only lodestone with which Mexico has been able to draw American capital.

During the intervening decade of disorder, between Diaz and Obregon, it is not surprising that investors looked askance at Mexico, and turned their attention to South America or elsewhere. Moreover, from 1915 to 1920, war activities monopolized our investment capital to the exclusion of other fields. This circumstance, together with the political uncertainty, diverted American capital from Mexico, and the stream has not returned to its old channel. During the past three years, how-

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ever, Mexico has been working towards a new equilibrium, and her leaders now assert that they can give assurance of security to any future investments made there.

It must be recognized that from the investor's point of view, Mexico occupies a much less important position now than in 1910. Then our field of financial exploitation was confined to the western hemisphere, and very restricted even there. England, France, and Germany had long held economic preeminence throughout South America. Our business men could not compete against the eighteen-month credit extensions offered by German firms and the almost equally generous provisions of the French. The Federal Reserve System did not yet exist and American firms had to proceed with caution. Investors likewise hesitated to compete with European capital possessing such advantages. Mexico had little difficulty in attracting our capital within her borders.

Today we have South America for an investment market. Germany has been excluded from the competition and France and England are greatly weakened. For six years during and after the war, South America found her stream of credits cut off; consequently her offers to those who have the capital and the will to invest, are the more advantageous.

Moreover, we have travelled still further afield, and have begun to seek concessions and turn our attention to Asia Minor and to the farther East. Every part of the world pleads for American capital. Despite her proximity, Mexico would have to make highly advantageous offers to compete with these other demands.

And Mexico cannot!

The program of the Obregon Revolution was "Labor and Land." The agrarian reformation begun under President Carranza, but checked by him as much as possible, has been given free rein under the new administration. Many of the states have passed agrarian codes of a more or less confiscatory character. In San Luis Potosi, estates are limited to two or four thousand hectareas (five to ten thousand acres), according to the fertility

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of the soil, and any foreigner who takes up ground must waive all right of appeal to his native country. Chihuahua similarly limits the size of estates, and provides that at least half of every holding must be put under cultivation within a short time on pain of forfeiture. Michoacán, Zacatecas, Durango, Coahuila, Querétaro, and Sonora have enacted similar legislation.

It is true that the National Agrarian Commission has done much to check such radical action by the states, and that these codes were disavowed by the Mexican commissioners at the Recognition conferences. Nevertheless they exist, and the state administrations are acting on them. Recourse may be had to the courts, but judicial procedure is slow and cumbersome, and the results uncertain. Investment in land and agricultural machinery under these conditions would be courting disaster.

Mexico is today as always, an agrarian country. The industrial revolution has passed the country by, and, there is a most pressing need for factories and workshops to manufacture goods of all sorts. Few of the inhabitants possess sufficient resources to establish large factories, and those who might do so hesitate at present. Encouraged by the government, the labor organizations have grown powerful, and their influence now rivals that of the Catholic Church under the old régime. Members of the Confederacion Regionale Obrera Mexicana until recently held important government positions, and its presidential candidate, General Calles, is admittedly the strongest political figure in Mexico today. Labor is revolutionary in temper, and some of the unions, looking forward to a future expropriation of their industries, have established classes in business management to train their members so that they may be able to control the factories when the time comes. Even where less radical, they have not learned to co-operate and arbitrate with the employers, and more than one factory owner has found himself forced to the wall by strikes and an unending sabotage. Mine operators are faced by the same problem, the miners' union being among the most radical. Recently the Obregon administration has divorced itself from immediate alliance with the

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labor party, but several of the states and many of the larger cities are in the control of one or another of the many minor parties affiliated with the Partido Laborista.

The Mexican labor organizations are still too young, and their careers have been too successful, for them to have learned moderation. They still feel their strength as a cause for exultation and are inclined to exercise it for the joy of so doing. As a result, the figures collected by the Department of Commerce and Industry indicate that industrially Mexico has not progressed during the past few years, but retrograded.

As pointed out, Mexican securities, mostly governmental and railroad, have never been an attractive investment in this country. During the revolutionary disturbances from 1911 on, they sank to extremely low levels. Interest or dividend payments have been rarities. Repudiation of one administration's bonds by its successor has not been uncommon.

The agreement between Senor de la Huerta and the International Committee of Bankers on Mexico provides for the payment of government and state bond issues and securities of the Ferrocarriles Nacionales, some of which date back to the eighties, and of the accumulated interest on these. This agreement can hardly be interpreted as an expression of confidence in the finances of the Mexican government; it was rather a compromise on the part of the international bankers to save all that they could from the fire. Mexico has still to prove her ability to live up to the terms of the agreement. It has had the effect, however, of giving a rating to these Mexican securities, and the completion of the recognition agreement has induced a recent slight rise in their value.

So urgent is Mexico's need for financial aid,—particularly to stabilize her currency and to establish a banking system,—that it will be forthcoming if for no other reason than to protect from further loss foreign moneys already placed there. But this will not be legitimate investment in sound securities. To install automatic fire sprinklers throughout a building is not assurance that it is of fire-proof construction.

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Finally we come to the most significant field of American interest—petroleum. This has long been Mexico's greatest apparent source of wealth,—though it should be noted that only a negligible proportion of the exploitation is carried on by Mexican firms, and as was pointed out in an unpublished report of the Department of Commerce, the only actual benefit accruing to the country has been through the production and export taxes and the very slight personal expenditures of money by the foreigners attracted to the country by the industry. Although English companies first became interested in Mexican oil and received the earliest concessions, first place has been taken by American exploiters who control nearly sixty per cent of the capital invested there in oil production,—some three hundred million dollars of the five hundred million absorbed by the industry.

Succeeding revolutions and changing administrations have had little effect on the activities of the oil companies, American or foreign, who were powerful enough to enforce respect for their property. Besides, protection could always be bought by subsidizing one or another local leader; The Hausteca Company, the largest American company in the field, for example, had the service of General Manual Palaez, "the bandit of the oil regions," through the Carranza administration. As a result, through all this period, there was an astonishing expansion; from 1910 to 1921, the total of oil production in Mexico increased from 3,684,000 to 193,397,587 barrels.

The Constitutionalist movement headed by Carranza, while ostensibly a political movement for the purpose of opposing General Huerta, soon assumed profound social significance. One phase of this was a vigorous conservation program,—similar to that championed by President Roosevelt a decade earlier in this country,—sponsored by Luis Cabrera, and embodied in Article 27 of the Constitution of 1917. Briefly stated, the nation was made *inherent* possessor of all subsoil mineral deposits, irrespective of ownership of surface lands. Permission to exploit these might only be obtained by concession. Thus the govern-

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ment could exercise a constant check on the industry. All the oil companies had bought extensive tracts of land with a view to future exploitation. Article 27 wiped out their rights to exploit these lands at a stroke and rendered them valueless.

The companies refused to comply with decrees based on these laws. The government then proceeded to withhold permits for drilling new wells to enforce the decrees. Test cases brought into federal courts by the companies were decided against them. During the winter of 1919, the companies declined outright to drill any more wells until their rights were assured, present and future.

A compromise was arranged in January, 1920, whereby provisional permits were to be issued without prejudicing the cause of either side, until an organic law was passed. Up to the present, this law has failed to go through the Senate, and meanwhile Supreme Court decisions have made Article 27 non-retroactive. Actually the oil companies are now better off than ever, for they have full right to drill in all the lands they purchased before 1917, and if they desire to extend their operations in the future, they do not need to purchase more land, but can obtain the right to drill on application to the government. This has given several new companies, among them the Agwi Company and the Marvin Oil Company, the opportunity to break into the industry on an almost equal footing with the long-established organizations.

Three things are likely to block a great expansion of the Mexican petroleum industry, however, during the next few years. The first is the government's policy of conservation; inasmuch as the revenue from oil taxes is vitally necessary to the government to pay its huge national debt, this policy is not likely to be strictly applied. Secondly, because the production and export duties on petroleum do play so large a part in the nation's fiscal policy, there has been a tendency during the past few years to raise these duties so high as to make production and exportation prohibitory. On more than one occasion, the companies have refused to export their stored oil, as the taxes

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would have wiped out all profit. Recent agreements between the government and the producers have provided for a sliding scale tax based on the cost of production, the price at New York, and other variables, which is apparently satisfactory to the companies.

Finally, it should be noted that the enormous increase in California production has resulted in a crisis in the oil markets of the world and has reacted on the Mexican industry so that the price of Panuco (Mexican) oil has fallen from 12.50 to 9.43 pesos per cubic meter. Under these conditions it is not profitable for new companies to enter the field, and the older ones are sharply restricting their drilling operations. Since 1921, production has fallen off; for the first six months of 1922 it was 99,827,275 barrels, and for the same period this year only 72,436,035 barrels; and a marked increase is not to be expected, no matter how favorable the political situation of the country, until the period of low oil prices is past.

When considered through the eyes of the business promoter, Mexico faces a dismal outlook for some years to come. It should be realized, however, that the business promoter is interested in only a few sharply defined phases of the country's development. Mexico is progressing through a social revolution, and is working out her salvation in new and sometimes strange fields. In the end, the very conditions that discourage the investor and the industrialist today may be productive of incalculable social benefit to the nation tomorrow. But this labor of remodeling a people will have to proceed without the aid or co-operation of the American business man. It is antithetical to his interests. As a philanthropist or student of sociology, he may be induced to contribute to the revolution; as a business man, he will turn his valuable attention elsewhere.

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CALVIN COOLIDGE

BY JAMES T. WILLIAMS, JR.

With a Linoleum Cut by Harry Townsend

THE course that Calvin Coolidge will steer as President is foreshadowed by his consistent political record to date. He is free from cant, and a believer in party, as distinguished from personal, government, benevolent, or otherwise. Sincerity, a sense of fairness, quiet courage, and a habit of plain living and high thinking are the sterling, if not spectacular qualities that characterize the man pledged to carry out Mr. Harding's policies.

AMONG the Fathers who framed at Philadelphia the Constitution of the United States there was no real debate about the vice-presidency, except as their discussion of the office concerned collateral questions. Little did they foresee the important part in the life of the nation which this office would play. In the last one hundred and twenty-three years a Vice-President has been President more than seventeen years of the time. Nine of the twenty-eight men who have served as Vice-President have succeeded to the presidency, either upon the death of the President or at a subsequent election. Seven other Vice-Presidents have made a name for themselves in history by the strength of their individual character and by their influence upon public affairs. Of the two Vice-Presidents upon whom has devolved the distinction of meeting with the members of the Cabinet at the invitation of the President, both were from Massachusetts,—John Adams the first Vice-President, and Calvin Coolidge, the twenty-ninth. Washington frequently solicited the opinion of Adams, sometimes verbally and at other times in writing. And upon one occasion at least, at Washington's request, the first Vice-President met with the Cabinet while the President was absent on a trip through the South. The only other Vice-Presi-

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dent to meet with the Cabinet was Mr. Marshall, whose invitation came during the illness of the President.

In the campaign of 1896, Theodore Roosevelt expressed the opinion that it would be well if the Vice-President were given a seat in the Cabinet, and also an extra vote in the Senate in the event of a tie. He even thought at one time that it might be well for the Vice-President upon occasion to have a voice in the debates in the Senate. But neither as Vice-President nor as President did Roosevelt act upon his own suggestion in this regard. Taking the practice of Washington as a precedent, President Harding acted upon the preachment of Roosevelt to the extent of inviting Vice-President Coolidge to meet with the Cabinet. This was also in accord with the declaration of Mr. Harding in his Speech of Acceptance. "We believe in a Cabinet of highest capacity," he said to the members of the notification committee, "equal to the responsibilities which our system contemplates, in whose councils the Vice-President, second officer of the Republic, shall be asked to participate."

So it was, therefore, that upon the death of Mr. Harding the powers and duties of the presidency devolved upon a Vice-President whose occupancy of the second office of the Republic for nearly two and a half years had brought him into three separate and distinct relations with the Government at Washington: First, to the Administration as an active participant in the counsels of the President and Cabinet; second, as presiding officer of the Senate; third, as the second officer of the Republic,—for the Vice-President in the social life of the Administration ranks second only to the President. And this at the age of fifty-one, following an experience in public office that began six years after he cast his first vote.

The lessons of self-denial Calvin Coolidge learned on the farm in Vermont he put to good use throughout his college years. As in Plymouth, so at Amherst "plain living and high thinking" marked a way of life upon which he entered as a boy and from which he has not since departed. It was the way of his forebears; it is the way in which he and Mrs. Coolidge

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Calvin Coolidge

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are training their two sons. It was the way of life on the farm when he was born; it was still the way of life on the same farm when his father administered to him the oath of office as President in the early hours of the morning of July 3, 1923. It will be his way of life throughout his presidency, whether he leaves the White House on March 4, 1925, or on March 4, 1929, for with him "character is long standing habit."

Doubtless he has developed greatly since he entered the public service as a member of the Council of Northampton, where he began the practice of the law before his people formed the habit of insisting upon his leadership. But those who knew him then find no difficulty in recognizing him today as their neighbor and fellow citizen of earlier years. Age and experience have done much for him but they have not changed his philosophy of life. His standard of life's values is the same. Perhaps this is one reason why his leadership inspires confidence among so many different sorts and conditions of his countrymen. To watch him presiding over the Senate of the United States was to be reminded of the days when he presided over the Massachusetts Senate. To observe the scrupulous regard with which he cherished the threefold relationships of his office as Vice-President was to call to mind the similarity of his course as Lieutenant-Governor.

And now that he is the Chief Executive of "the indestructible Union of indestructible states" you have only to turn to the chart that was his as the Chief Executive of one of the "indestructible states" to see ahead the course he will steer as President. There is a steadfastness of purpose and method and general bearing that distinguish Mr. Coolidge from any leader of the American people whom the writer has encountered in the course of twenty-odd years of study of public men and events. The "man in the street" would describe this trait by saying of Mr. Coolidge that "you always know where to find him, and that you always find him fair." And the reason for this is that his character as a man and as a leader of men is not an ephemeral endowment. It is "long standing habit," a human structure that he started

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at his first home in the green hills of Vermont and upon which the builder is still at work.

Nothing is more foreign to this habit of a lifetime which we know in him to be character, than "cant" in any form. One must eschew it who would give a glimpse of him as a presidential reality or as a presidential possibility. Over and above the fact that he is in the White House, what is there in the situation that stamps him as a presidential possibility? The party out of power will be under the necessity in the coming campaign of combating the sympathetic verdict that "the jury of the people" have returned upon the administration of the dead President. Only the nomination by the party in power of a candidate out of sympathy with the general policy of the dead President would extricate the minority from the uninviting predicament that awaits it. Whether Mr. Harding would have been nominated for a second term had he lived must remain a matter of opinion. A matter of fact, however, is that had he lived he would have had no more devoted supporter for the nomination or as the nominee than the Vice-President, whom he called into his Cabinet. This cannot be said of several other "presidential possibilities." So it was that Mr. Coolidge's first statement as President contained a pledge that defined the course he had consistently followed as Vice-President. All his party brethren well knew he would have continued to follow this course had he remained as Vice-President. The pledge was in these words:

> Reports have reached me, which I fear are correct, that President Harding has gone. The world has lost a great and good man. I mourn his loss. He was my chief and my friend. It will be my privilege to carry out the policies which he has begun for the service of the American people, and for me to meet their responsibilities whenever they may arise. For this purpose I shall seek the co-operation of all those who have been associated with the President during his term of office, those who have given their efforts to assist him I wish to remain in office that they may assist me. I have faith that God will direct the destinies of our Nation.

If Harding was "a man of the McKinley type," certainly

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Roosevelt was not more unlike McKinley, whom he succeeded, than the man in the White House today is unlike the President whom he succeeded. But Roosevelt gave the pledge which Mr. Harding's successor has given and kept the pledge which Mr. Harding's successor is keeping. Roosevelt was selected because he was believed to be the best fitted among the availabilities of his party to carry forward the policies inherited from his predecessor and enhanced during the first term of his own presidency. President Coolidge is also enhancing his inheritance by initiating policies that will be indissolubly linked with his own name and fame. He has long believed that his country sorely needed to give administration a chance to catch up with legislation. While he was Governor of Massachusetts good administration was given the right of way; it was supplemented, not smothered, by new legislation. And the history of his governorship in this regard will be the history of his presidency.

To compel administration to catch up with legislation, however, President Coolidge must carry forward a policy that his predecessor had much at heart. This was the policy of encouraging by executive effort and executive example a revival all through the country of what Mr. Harding called in his Speech of Acceptance a sense of "party sponsorship in government." He then declared his belief "in party government as distinguished from personal government, individual, dictatorial, autocratic, or what not." All that his predecessor so eloquently avowed in this regard, his successor in the White House as firmly believes and has consistently practiced in the successive offices to which he has been called. Congress will not have been in session but a few weeks when the country will see a development in both Houses of a stronger sense of "party sponsorship in government" than has been evident in a long time.

Party leaders and committee chairmen will come into their own under his leadership; upon them will be laid a heavy responsibility and from them will be required a strict accounting. "A party sponsorship in Government" is again a fact at the White House and may soon be expected at the Capitol.

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A few days after the new President arrived in Washington, but before he and Mrs. Coolidge left their modest quarters in the hotel to live in the White House, there came to an eastern editor who had heartily supported Leonard Wood in 1920 a request for a frank opinion of Mr. Coolidge and his chances to succeed himself. The answer read in part:

> Expect to see Coolidge nominated and elected next year for the full presidential term, because of his character as a man, his ability as an executive, his sagacity as a party leader and the quiet quality of the courage, patience, and diligence with which he does the day's work, that distinguish his statesmanship. You and I may not always agree with him but we shall always respect him and be convinced of the sincerity of his every purpose and the sense of fairness with which he judges men and measures; we shall not always be with him, but we cannot but be for him. His character is an asset the Nation sorely needs. He might not have reached the Presidency in the first instance by nomination, but his work during his year as President will, I am confident, insure his nomination and re-election for the second term.

His character is the cornerstone of the confidence he inspires and the leadership he offers. It is the character of an American who has given his people a glimpse of the faith that is in him in the reverent avowal with which he concluded his Speech of Acceptance to the members of the committee that notified him of his nomination to the second office of the Republic:

> In a free republic a great government is the product of a great people. They will look to themselves rather than government for success. The destiny, the greatness of America lies around the hearthstone. If thrift and industry are taught there, and the example of self sacrifice oft appears, if honor abide there, and high ideals, if there the building of fortune be subordinate to the building of character, America will live in security, rejoicing in an abundant prosperity and good government at home and in peace, respect, and confidence abroad. If these virtues be absent there is no power that can supply these blessings. Look well then to the hearthstone, therein all hope for America lies.

As President, Calvin Coolidge is turning the eyes of his people again toward the home of their hope, their virtues, and their blessings—the hearthstone.

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WOODROW WILSON

BY CENTURION

WHILE other would-be candidates are nervously "trying on" political issues like a girl in a hat shop, there is one man living in retirement in Washington, who can supply a sane, progressive leadership for which the country hungers and thirsts, according to a Democrat who wastes no words in describing a career with which every man is familiar. As he is a close friend of the ex-president, this writer has chosen to keep his identity a secret.

AND then, there is Wilson. If the nomination of a President implies the quest and finding of a fit man, can we ignore the ablest man our public life has produced? This assertion may be challenged in quarters where the fierce fires of party passion and personal jealousy still crackle, but it is the cool and reasoned judgment of disinterested students, and it is clearly destined to be the verdict of impartial time. True it is that he drags a leg and that one arm moves with reluctance, but his incomparable mind, clear as a bell, taut and elastic as a bow string, stored with learning, informed by experience, sharpened by conflict, formidable in its most relaxed operations, is as good as ever, and what more can be said of any mind? The times are restless, the voters are distracted, Progressivism is strident and incoherent, the quack is on the rostrum, the revolutionist is muttering. What more natural than to turn for leadership to the most effective liberal and the sanest Progressive of our time?

The day of the lesser man is passing. Borah roars, to be sure, but only at a mouse. He quails before dragons. Coolidge is a man under a bureau,—inaudible and almost invisible. Hiram Johnson is gasping like a calliope with a failing steam supply. All the others are skittishly trying on issues like a girl in a hat shop, who stands before the mirror fidgeting with the season's bonnets.

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Who is there among the "availables" who has talked to labor like a Dutch uncle when labor needed admonition? Who has defied Congress so blithely when Congress sought to usurp the functions of the Executive? Who has so jauntily and soundly bidden defiance to the so-called pressure groups which infest our politics today, whether such groups were composed of Wall Street magnates, privilege-mongers, or prohibition fanatics, as has Woodrow Wilson, the intellectual statesman, the passionate Democrat, the courageous servant of all the people, the student of our constitution, the master of our history?

The career of Woodrow Wilson needs no re-statement. His qualifications for the highest positions of responsibility and leadership are universally conceded. His authority and influence are felt throughout the world, and the lack of their assertion and exercise is everywhere lamented.

Lord Birkenhead in an address upon his return from a lecture tour of one-night stands in this country, under the management of a well-known lyceum impresario, said the American people had repudiated the idealism of Woodrow Wilson. One would hardly think so who had ever witnessed the demonstrations of affection which his likeness always evokes when shown upon the screens of our theatres, or the greeting with which every appearance of Woodrow Wilson is received on the streets of Washington. The title Birkenhead is the name of a Liverpool suburb which shrouds the somewhat humble but very respectable cognomen of Smith. When Mr. Smith took the suburban name of Birkenhead, it looks as if his mind had taken on a certain suburban tinge of thought and perception. If there is one quality which distinguishes the American people it is their idealism, and no man has risen high in our history or ever secured a lasting hold upon the confidence and affection of the American people who has not reflected this very marked characteristic of his countrymen.

The times call for insight and courage,—qualities which Woodrow Wilson not only possesses in extraordinary measure but of which he has given the most impressive display. There

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is a restless discontent throughout the country. It calls for a wise combination of forward movement and steadiness, which in the reach for new solutions will not imperil or destroy that which is worthy of preservation. The record of achievement during the first year of Woodrow Wilson's incumbency as President is the completest vindication which progressive philosophy has ever received in the form of practical statesmanship. Its steady march was interrupted by the war, and it should be resumed in the interests of social peace and industrial tranquillity.

The nation has recovered from its hysterical fear of foreign involvement. The Reeds and Johnsons and McCormicks have worn out their shrill and raucous voices. Their cries fall upon unheeding ears. We are members of the human race and cannot isolate ourselves from the calamitous conditions which grip the world. Our sense of duty points to the places and issues where liberty is still imperilled and where our sister nations are still encompassed by difficulties beyond their unaided powers to solve. The American people have a pricking sense of a compromised honor and a call to high duty which has not been answered. Woodrow Wilson beyond any man of his generation is the symbol of this honor, and the American people are turning to him again.

Here is no experiment; here is no untried man. The fact that he still lives, gives us a sense of a power possessed, if not power richly used. We are told by European visitors that we are a rich and powerful nation. But greater than our material resources, greater than our unwieldy gold reserves, more significant than our position as the creditor of the world, is the fact that we are still possessed of a man who in a great emergency was the only man who could render articulate the aspirations of humanity, and who now in a crisis hardly less severe than that of the war itself, can supply a leadership for which the country hungers and thirsts.

Why not Wilson for President?

It is fitting that we reflect upon these things.

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PROGRESS IN MEDICAL SCIENCE

MORRIS FISHBEIN

MEDICAL research is no longer devoted merely to the perfecting of remedies; it is forestalling disease. Diabetes is now under control. Ether and chloroform are being replaced by more satisfactory anesthetics. Rapid progress is being made in the use of gland secretions, in the knowledge of food values, and in experiments with chemicals inimical to the bacteria of pneumonia, cancer, leprosy, tuberculosis, and sleeping sickness. Here is a brief survey of recent far-reaching medical advances.

THE progress of scientific medicine today is so rapid that it would be impossible to cover even the outstanding achievements in a brief article. The studies on sensitization to certain food substances as the cause of hay fever, asthma, and urticarial eruptions; the control of gas poisonings in mines and from automobile exhausts; the gradual defining of the factors related to cancer and the use of radium, X-ray, and heat in controlling malignant growths; the use of preventive vaccines and serums; the determination of resistance to diphtheria as shown by the Schick test; the control of pyloric stenosis by proper surgery, a method which has greatly reduced the deaths of infants from a peculiar form of obstruction in the stomach; the use of artificial sunlight, in conjunction with certain vitamines, calcium, and phosphates in curing children of rickets; the diagnosis and treatment of diseases affecting the gall bladder;—these are but a few of the fields in which it may be said that progress has most certainly been made and can be quite definitely demonstrated.

But the significant achievement of scientific medicine in recent years is after all neither a method in diagnosis nor a manner of treatment; it is a changing point of view. This is represented by three definite trends in medical thought and education. First of all, it has been realized that the physician must have

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proper training in the fundamental sciences if medicine is to progress. In this field the United States maintains a standard as high as any country in the world. Second, the attitude of medicine has changed from a preoccupation with the treating and curing of disease to a wish to detect disease in its earliest stages and prevent it. This attitude has been powerful in advancing the age of expectancy from twelve to fifteen years; a child born today may anticipate reaching an age of fifty-five years, whereas formerly the average expectancy was but thirty-nine. Again the greatest results have been accomplished in preventing death in the early years of life. When such conditions as heart and kidney disease, cancer, and arteriosclerosis are brought under control, the expectancy will increase still further. Third, the medical profession has realized that it can accomplish the highest type of results only by securing the co-operation of the public in its work, and that this co-operation can be had only by taking the public into its confidence and giving to the man on the street instruction regarding health and disease in a language he can understand.

The great discoveries of modern medicine do not come as the result of a single piece of research, worked out by one scientist from a fixed starting point to a previously defined termination. As in the case of mechanical inventions, they represent rather the termination of a vast number of researches carried out in various laboratories, clinics, and institutions. The modern scientist, conceiving a problem, studies the literature of his subject, works out his problem in the light of what has been done before, and carries this on to a definite conclusion, or establishes its essential fallacy. The discovery of insulin, for example, was an achievement of this character.

Extracts From Glands

In November, 1920, while reading an article in a periodical devoted to surgery, Dr. F. G. Banting conceived the experiment which finally resulted in the production of insulin. But even before the sentence which initiated his researches could

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have been written, a vast amount of work had been done in almost every country of the world toward defining the nature of diabetes and the functions of the pancreas. This glandular organ lies in the abdomen near to the stomach, the liver, and the first portion of the intestines. In packing houses the gland is commonly called "liver sweetbreads." It pours a juice into the intestine which aids in the digestion of protein foods. This is known as an external secretion; it pours through a tube and may be collected.

On the other hand, previous researches had shown that the pancreas also manufactured an internal secretion which passed into the blood as it circulated through the gland. Obviously it is not easy to isolate an internal secretion. The commonly accepted method is to make an extract of the gland, which has in it at all times a certain amount of the secretion. The difficulty lies in getting an extract which contains a great deal of the active substance and which is free from extraneous substances. Three glands in the body had previously yielded such internal substances having definite virtues in the treatment of disease. The thyroid gland yields an extract which is given to persons lacking in thyroid secretion. The adrenal gland is the basis of adrenalin, which has the power to contract blood vessels and to stimulate the heart to contraction; much has been said recently of the value of injections of adrenalin, directly into the heart, in cases of sudden death. The pituitary gland, near the brain, yields a substance which can be given to women to stimulate powerful contractions during childbirth, and which can be used also to cause movements of the intestinal wall in certain forms of intestinal paralysis.

The search for valuable glandular extracts is one of the big problems of modern medicine. In fact, packing houses and commercial pharmaceutical firms have for sale extracts made not only from glands, but actually even from the lungs, the brain, and the kidneys, which do not seem in any way to resemble glandular tissue. Unfortunately no scientific proof exists as to any real virtue inherent in most of these preparations. The

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primary reasons for their failure are simple, and we may interrupt our discussion of insulin to give them, for they explain the value of insulin. The valuable secretions are internal secretions poured into the blood; when the extracts are given by mouth they are digested in the stomach and destroyed. The thyroid extract is not destroyed, probably because the thyroid secretion was at one time an external secretion. The glands contain much inert cellular matter in addition to the active substance that has the specific function sought.

Dr. F. G. Banting and Dr. C. F. Best, working with the advice of Professor J. J. R. MacLeod, in Toronto, were able to get out of the pancreas a substance which, when injected into the body under the skin, not given by mouth, aids in the digestion of sugar. In diabetes the chief symptoms of importance are represented by increased amounts of sugar in the blood and in the excreted fluids. An injection of insulin taken before the food containing sugar is eaten, aids in the digestion of this sugar and permits the patient to utilize it in building up his body. Insulin is not a cure for diabetes. Patients must still control the diet, particularly in relation to the amount of insulin taken. However, it saves life definitely when diabetics have indulged too freely in carbohydrate food and pass into diabetic coma. In the diabetes of children it has worked marvels; in the past juvenile diabetes was invariably fatal. In patients in whom diabetes is associated with infections such as tuberculosis, or in whom surgical operation is required, insulin is invaluable. And for the vast majority of diabetics whose comfort and whose diet have heretofore been limited, insulin offers opportunity for a more normal existence. It is a remedy which, wisely administered, in relation to a proper adjustment of the quantity and quality of food, will remove from diabetics a menace which has heretofore threatened them constantly.

New Anesthetics and Drugs

Another sort of menace is being removed from patients requiring operations by the advance being made in the field of

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anesthetics. The use of ether and chloroform in hundreds of thousands of operations has definitely established their virtues and their deficiencies. The inhalation of nitrous oxid-oxygen gas (laughing gas) is known to be of value, but it is also subject to certain dangers, particularly sudden asphyxia. Therefore the search for an anesthetic method that is comfortable and free from danger continues. No doubt a great step forward is the actual proof by Dr. A. B. Luckhardt and Dr. J. R. Carter that ethylene gas, probably first discovered by Ingenhouse in 1779, has great advantages in anesthesia. As long ago as 1849 ethylene was used for anesthesia and it continued to be used on various occasions until 1885, but the results were invariably reported as unsatisfactory.

During the ensuing period of thirty-five years no work was done with this substance. However in 1920 Luckhardt and Thompson established on animals not only the anesthetic properties of the gas, but also the fact that it would relieve pain without producing complete insensibility. In 1922, Luckhardt and Carter proved, by testing the effects of the gas on themselves and others, that it had great virtues as an anesthetic when properly used. The most recent report by Dr. Luckhardt and Dr. Dean D. Lewis covers the use of the gas in eight hundred surgical operations.

The advantages of the use of a mixture of ethylene and oxygen are, first, that patients can be put to sleep without struggling and without any sense of suffocation; second, patients awaken rapidly from unconsciousness in the large majority of cases, and in only a few instances is there subsequent headache or the distress that follows the taking of other anesthetics; third, patients who have been anesthetized with ethylene have a normal color, indicating the absence of asphyxia, which is shown by a blue or cyanotic color; fourth, patients anesthetized with ethylene have a dry skin, whereas those under other anesthetics perspire freely. The prevention of loss of body fluids during an operation is a very important matter; indeed, it is customary to make up for the fluid lost by injecting salt solutions after operation.

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There are, of course, certain disadvantages in using ethylene. Some persons do not like the odor, although others appear to be very little troubled by it. A characteristic remark of the patient is, "It smells like molasses." Then, too, the gas is explosive when mixed with air and brought into contact with an open flame. But ether is also explosive under such circumstances. These complications are preventable, and ethylene will no doubt have an important place in the surgery of the future.

The practitioner of scientific medicine is bound by no fixed or routine formula. An anesthetist with a good knowledge of the advantages and deficiencies of each of the several anesthetics now available, may use them in various sequences or combinations. Used with a proper understanding of the patient's condition, it is possible for a good anesthetist to conduct the patient safely and comfortably through operations lasting into hours.

A much greater field for research lies in the treatment of diseases by drugs which have a specific ability to attack certain bacteria. Herein, unquestionably, lies one of the greatest possibilities of scientific medicine in the future. For some years we have known that salvarsan (606) attacks the organism which causes syphilis. Quinin controls the organism that causes malaria; certain forms of arsenic destroy the trypanosome that causes African sleeping sickness; emetin is specific for the ameba of dysentery. But we have not yet found any chemical substance that is specific for such bacterial infections as tuberculosis, pneumonia, puerperal sepsis, or other forms of the invasion of the body by bacteria. We have, of course, such specific therapy as diphtheria antitoxin, or antityphoid and smallpox vaccination, but these are not chemical agents.

The indications are that chemical substances may be developed. A derivative of quinin, called ethylhydrocuprein, seems to have a specific affinity for the pneumococcus which causes pneumonia, and will apparently destroy the organism under certain conditions. It has not solved the problem of curing the disease in human beings, because the curative dose and the poi-

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sonous dose in man are too nearly the same. In certain forms of infection with this organism in man, such as of the eye, or of the spinal fluid, it has real value.

During the past few years evidence has accumulated that chaulmoogra oil and its derivatives have curative power in leprosy, and since the organism of leprosy resembles in its characters to some extent the organism of tuberculosis, there is reason to hope that the latter disease may yet be brought under chemical control.

It is also well known that certain dye substances have a specific attraction for certain bacteria, are taken up by them and destroy them. Such dyes as gentian violet, acid fuchsin, and other related dyes are being used in experiments, with a view to attacking bacteria in this manner. Unusual also is the combination of a dye with a chemical as in mercurochrome, in which the dye product carries along the antiseptic metal. This is a vast field, and we may yet see the time when it will be possible to free the blood and the infected tissues from dangerous bacterial organisms by the injection of such simple dye substances into the body. The great chemist Morgenroth, who was for many years associated with Ehrlich in chemotherapeutic investigations, has said: "What yesterday seemed absurd, tomorrow will seem banal. Today it is no longer a question for debate whether or not there can be a prophylactic and curative chemotherapeutic antisepsis, but merely a question of when, where, and how."

Plastic Surgery

The peculiar notion is prevalent that plastic or cosmetic surgery is different from surgery in general, and that only a certain few men practice it. This notion is one of those half truths that create a good deal of confusion. Modern plastic surgery received great impetus from the war. The mutilations of thousands of soldiers were brought to the attention of surgeons in hospitals established especially to care for such injuries. As a result certain principles were laid down and the opportunities

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for work in this field greatly extended. A hundred cases requiring plastic surgery may require a thousand operations. These things are not done in a single step; the anesthesia and the prevention of infection are therefore especially important.

The primary feature of interest in such plastic surgery is the use of flaps of skin and tissue moved from one part of the body to take the place of a defect in another. Such strips of tissue are raised by dissection below, but held attached at either end so as to permit their receiving a continuous blood supply. After they are healed and the circulation established, the lower end may be cut away and the flap turned upward or downward or sidewise to extend over the defect and fill it in. Here new vessels grow into it. When it is healed in position the extra material is cut away. A simple procedure, but one which represents three distinct operations.

Such operations are, however, not such plastic surgery as is involved in shortening a long nose, removing a bony hump, or filling in the depression in what is known as a "saddle nose." There are many competent surgeons in every large city who undertake such work. Living tissues are not subject to perfect control and the results of plastic surgery are sometimes unsatisfactory. No honest surgeon will guarantee a perfect result in any type of plastic surgery; only the quack, who has nothing to lose, will be so rash.

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RUSSIANS, MORTAL AND IMMORTAL

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

OPINION may be divided as to the relative merits of English writers of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, but in contemplating the work of Russian novelists of the past sixty years, the advantage is unquestionably with the older generation, according to Professor Phelps, who gives reasons for ranking Tolstoi, Turgenev, and Dostoevski above Gorki, Andreev, Kuprin, Artsybashev, and other recent novelists. For Chehov he reserves a position between these two groups and somewhat apart from them.

JUST as Shakespeare seems even greater when we compare him with the dramatists who followed immediately after him, so Turgenev, Tolstoi, and Dostoevski rise in stature when we contemplate the Russian writers of the twentieth century. There was one contemporary of the Three who might have shared the highest eminence with them, had he not died in his early thirties. This is Garshin, who under an acute attack of nervous melancholia, commited suicide in 1888. If any one doubts his genius, let him read two of Garshin's short stories, *Four Days on the Field of Slaughter,* and *The Diary of Private Ivanov.* Garshin had more than a little of the impressive truthfulness so notable in the art of Tolstoi. I purposely make an exception of Chehov in dealing with the younger generation. He was forty-four years old when he died in 1904, and although he took a physician's interest in subtle maladies of the mind, his own brain was as cool and clear as spring-water.

But in comparing the former with the later Russian novelists, the advantage is so evidently with the men of the sixties and seventies, that one is tempted to ask if there is not some reason apart from the fact of the accidental gift of genius. It certainly lies partly in subject and method. The difference between older and younger here is largely the difference between

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legitimate and sensational themes. The older writers dealt with recognizable types and facts of human nature; the latter are determined to make a theatrical *effect,* no matter by what means. This result can be reached more easily in the short story and on the stage than in a full-length novel. A press dispatch from Berlin, in describing a new play of Gorki's some years ago, informs us that "the father is a police inspector, drunkard, gambler, briber, bribe-taker, adulterer, and robber." Artsybashev's finest short story deals with rape. There is no doubt that these men of the later generation often show unusual gifts and astonishing skill in handling the material; but their very choice of material is a sign of decadence, and of exhaustion. The twentieth century has seen the production of many brilliant short stories and plays in Russia; but it seems to me significant that not a single really great novel has been written in the Russian language since Tolstoi's *Resurrection* in 1899. The best one I know is Kuprin's *The Duel,* but it would require either special enthusiasm or intimate friendship to think it great. Gorki's long novels are dull; his powers are most strikingly displayed in some of his tales, and in that sombre dramatic masterpiece, *The Lower Depths.*

Every literary specialist loves to exalt the importance of his own field; thus minor authors are often magnified into major; and perhaps to the average professor of literature, no author is negligible. But to the business man, who has few hours a week to read anything except the newspaper, writers, like everything else, quite properly assume only relative values. It should, I suppose, be the aim of the "general reader" to read the best before the second best, and to leave the worst altogether unread. Such is the way to self-education in literature, pictorial art, and music.

To the man in the street and the woman in the home, who have many occupations besides novel-reading, I submit a list of masterpieces which will give a fairly accurate impression of Russian fiction: *Fathers and Children* and *A House of Gentlefolk* by Turgenev; *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina* by

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Tolstoi; *Crime and Punishment* and *The Brothers Karamazov* by Dostoevski.

Of the three novelists, Turgenev was purely an artist, and wrote solely from the artistic standpoint; Tolstoi was forever tormented by his conscience, and is not only an artist, but a moral teacher; Dostoevski was a religious mystic, and is not only an artist, but a spiritual prophet. In reading the works of the Incomparable Three, one studies social, ethical, and spiritual life, as revealed in novels that the world has agreed to call great. These three men died firm in their faith. On his deathbed, Turgenev besought Tolstoi to return to the writing of novels; to Tolstoi art for its own sake became not only trivial, but abhorrent; Dostoevski was as religiously ecstatic as Francis Thompson.

It is a proof of the eternal inconsistency of human nature that Turgenev, who professed no religious belief, was, in his daily conduct, the most admirable of the Three. He was truthful, generous, considerate, modest, charitable, without envy or malice. Tolstoi, after years of dissipation, was quarrelsome, exacting, jealous, extremely economical in admiration; Dostoevski was selfish, envious, chronically in debt, and an incorrigible gambler. It is fortunate that the sins of these two men did not and cannot destroy the influence of their works.

In his will, Tolstoi wrote:

> If people are going to occupy themselves with my writings, let them dwell upon those passages in which I know that the Divine Power spoke through me; and let them make use of them in their lives. There were times when I felt that I had become the agent of the Divine Will. Often I was so impure, so filled with personal compassions, that the light of this truth was obscured by my darkness; but at times the truth passed through me, and those were the happiest moments of my life. God grant that their passage through me did not profane those truths, and that people, notwithstanding the petty and impure character which they received from me, may feed on them. The value of my writings lies in this alone.

It is regrettable that Tolstoi refused to accompany Turgenev and Dostoevski on the occasion of the dedication of the monu-

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ment to Pushkin at Moscow in 1880. It would have been a thrilling spectacle,—the three foremost writers in Russian history standing together and saluting the founder of modern Russian literature. Every inducement was made to persuade Tolstoi, but he obstinately remained at home. Turgenev's speech was received with respect and Dostoevski's with a frenzy of enthusiasm. As he died a few months later, this famous address may be taken as his farewell. He thought and predicted that Russia would lead the world out of hell to real Christianity and universal peace; that security for the future lay not in Western civilization and scientific improvements, but in the citadel of the Russian soul. This prophecy has not yet been realized; the present leaders of the Russian state are inalterably and quite logically opposed to Christianity. When Dostoevski published his speech, he published with it a defense, in the course of which he prophesied the coming World War. Events have ratified this prediction, his one error being that familiar in most prophecies, the preplacement of the date.

> She is on the eve of ruin, your Europe, of a general, universal, and terrible catastrophe. The ant-hill which has long been in course of formation within her, without a Church, and without Christ (for the Church, having muddied her ideal, was long ago embodied in the State), with a moral principle shattered to its foundations, having lost all that it had of universal and of absolute,—that ant-hill, I say, is wholly undermined. The fourth estate is coming; it knocks and batters at the door, and if the door be not opened, it will be broken down. The fourth estate does not want the ideals of old; it denounces all that has been until now. It will not make little compromises, little concessions; you will not save the building by little supports. Something will come which none imagine. . . . This unnaturalness and these "insoluble" political questions (which are, by the way, familiar to everybody) must infallibly lead to one huge, final, disintegrating, political war, in which all Powers will have a share, and which will break out in our century, perhaps even in the coming decade. And do you think that society now can endure a long political war? . . . millions of hungry mouths, of miserable proletarians, will be thrown into the street. Do you rely upon the wisdom of statesmen and upon their refusal to undertake a war? When was it possible to place any reliance upon that wisdom? Do you put your trust in Parliaments, and believe that they will foresee the

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> results and refuse the money for the war? But when have Parliaments foreseen results and refused money to the slightest insistence of a man in power? But the proletarian is in the street. Do you think he will wait and starve in patience as he used? After he has tasted political socialism, after the International, after the Socialist Congresses and the Paris Commune? No, it will not now be as it used to be. They will hurl themselves upon Europe and all the old things will crumble for ever.

I have no admiration for the communistic state, either in Russia or anywhere else; but none of us foreigners can even approach an understanding of the present régime in Russia until we remember that her leaders are human beings and not wild beasts. Meanwhile for one matter we may be grateful to the Soviet government; it has carefully preserved the unpublished manuscripts of Dostoevski and other writers, and is permitting their publication.

An Anglo-Saxon who first reads a classic Russian novel is startled by the truthfulness of its style, by the absence of conventional phrases and descriptions. Russians have never been obliged to struggle against literary traditions. There were none. The Renaissance did not affect Russia as it affected the rest of Europe, and there were no established doctrines in literary art. Russian novelists and Russian readers are singularly without prejudice. The old censorship was sensitive on political questions, but in art and in morals the critics and the public are today as formerly, receptive. This very love of truth so admirable in itself, so artistically virtuous in the great Russians, led to unfortunate excesses in twentieth century writers. The great Three were kept from degeneracy by an artistic conscience; later novelists impatiently threw off all restraint.

It is possible that in the first twenty years of the twentieth century Russian literature has been suffering from the decay that so often follows a creative period. There is an analogy in the English Elizabethan drama. A striking difference between Shakespeare and his immediate followers is the difference between the normal and the abnormal, between moderation and excess. Shakespeare wrote of familiar and natural pas-

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sions: Ford wrote of incest. In all periods of decadence, there is a notion that legitimate material has been used up, and that if one is to make an impression,—and every writer wishes to do that,—one must resort to abnormality. In reading Marlowe and Shakespeare, one is conscious not only of their spontaneity but of the apparently inexhaustible nature of their material. In reading Ford and Webster in tragedy and Brome in comedy, one feels that nothing was left for these men but the sensational. The drama really needed a sanatorium; but the Puritans sentenced it to prison for twenty years.

The difference between Tolstoi and Turgenev on the one hand, and Gorki, Kuprin, Andreev, and Artsybashev on the other, reminds one of a creative period falling into decay. We are not hearing so much of Artsybashev as we did ten years ago; and fifty years from now perhaps no one will hear of him at all. But his masterpiece, *Sanin,* was typical of a decadent era.

Two things must be remembered in reading contemporary Russian writers: the most popular stories in America are those that exhale cheerfulness and have happy endings; in Russia melancholy and tragedy are the surest roads to popular favor. (I wish I knew what their motion pictures are like; I imagine they are full of horrors.) An excellent illustration of the way in which Englishmen and Russians have generally dealt with war may be seen in comparing Browning's *Incident of a French Camp* with Andreev's *Red Laughter.* In the former, the boy falls dead with a proud smile on his face. In the latter the officer falls dead with a horrible red laugh, the blood rushing suddenly from his mouth like a scarlet guffaw. When Chehov began to write, he was severely rebuked by the critics for being "funny."

Again, in Anglo-Saxon countries we are brought up on juvenile literature. Much of this is bosh, and I have always pleaded that children should read the best rather than the silliest books. Yet our St. Nicholas magazines and our stories with athletic heroes have a kind of joyous health and bodily cleanliness, even though they may be artistically contemptible. In Russia, as

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M. J. Olgin, in his admirable book, *A Guide to Russian Literature,* has pointed out, there is scarcely any juvenile literature. Grown-up readers have no common background of cheerful, happy reading. The great critic Bielinski, who was familiar with juvenile literature in Western Europe, quite properly despised it, and insisted that books given to children must contribute to their education. It is fortunate that the parables of Tolstoi had an enormous circulation among Russian youth; for I remember, back in 1903, a Russian newspaper sending out a questionnaire to the high schools, and it appeared that the favorite foreign author with those children was Guy de Maupassant. However flattering to their intellectual taste such a choice may be, it is probable that football outdoors and Stevenson within would have been better for their health.

It is certain that Russian youths read more translations than do our American boys and girls. Perhaps this is one reason that the mature Russian is more cosmopolitan. Nor do Russian children read only sex-books. Dr. Olgin says that among the most popular stories in Russia are *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and *The Prince and the Pauper.* Scott, Dickens, and Cooper have always been favorites. Reciprocity would be a good thing; there are many excellent Russian tales that our children could read with profitable pleasure.

Since the death of Chehov in 1904, the chief Russian writers have been Gorki, Andreev, Kuprin, Bunin, Sologub, Artsybashev, Merezhkovski, and the veteran Korolenko. There are, of course, others whose fame is less international; I am speaking of the writers who are easily accessible in translations. Some of those I have named, living and dead, are men of genius; every one made an impression on the world. But in comparison with the great Three, one feels the difference between the hue of health and the color of decay.

Although Chehov died of tuberculosis, he had a splendidly healthy mind. He studied abnormal cases but was saved from abnormality by two things: his medical training and his sense of humor. We speak of the contagion of fear; it is true that

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fear will spread faster than influenza germs in a crowd, and sometimes even among soldiers, and create a panic. But where two or three are gathered together, it is more often true that an emotion in one will beget its opposite in another. Take so absurd an illustration as a game of golf; if one man loses control of himself, curses his luck, and calls loudly on his Maker, his opponent usually becomes cooler and more proficient. One reason why nerve specialists are commonly calm is because they are in daily contact with men and women whose nerves are in a frazzle. As a physician, Chehov often saw patients who were brain-sick; it steadied him. Everywhere he saw the results of vice and ignorance and incompetence; as Gorki said, the stories of Chehov seem to say, "The way you live is shameful." Furthermore, Chehov's humor was a fundamental ingredient in his nature, in his conversations; nothing perhaps is a better monitor against excess. The contrast between the published letters of Chehov and those of Dostoevski is striking. No one can read the former without having an enthusiaistic admiration for the writer's character; whereas so far as Dostoevski himself is concerned, it is unfortunate that his letters were published. It takes an effort not to despise him; and it is only by remembering his courage, his genius, and his epilepsy, that we succeed in retaining respect for the man.

Chehov wrote in the literary tradition of Turgenev; his short stories and his plays are works of consummate art. Armed with the latter, the Moscow expeditionary forces swiftly conquered New York.

Those who regard *Main Street* as a particularly depressing picture of small-town life in America should read Bunin's *The Village* and Artsybashev's *The Breaking Point.* Mr. Lewis's contempt for Gopher Prairie is expressed in mimicry and in humor; the humor is so salient that in places the satire seems actually light-hearted, and one is certain that the author loves Dr. Kennicott and many of the others, even as we know he loves Babbitt. Both novels have delighted several millions of the people against whom the books were aimed. Can any one

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imagine the victims of Bunin and Artsybashev enjoying novels by these authors, or indeed reading them at all? Bunin represents the average Russian village as a heap of unrelieved dullness and filth; the people are beneath contempt. And in comparison with the small town life depicted in Artsybashev's *Breaking-Point,* Gopher Prairie society is as witty, original, and stimulating as an eighteenth century French salon. There is no possibility of improvement; the only way of escape is suicide.

> "This is a frightful hole, Doctor! It's a town of the dead! Sometimes I think, Doctor, that I only imagine it. That it isn't a town, only an apparition! Is it possible, Doctor, that thousands of people live in this dreary hole, in this damnable spot, only to eat, to drink, to sleep? It's like a nightmare! You've only to look round: darkness, wind, rain, mud, no life in the streets. No, just look; could one believe it's a town and that people live here? Real, living people, so-called humanity? What do they live for? Imagine that this town no longer exists, that the rain has dissolved it and swept it into the river like a dung-heap. It would not make an atom of difference to the world! In fact no one would even notice that this accursed swamp had ceased to exist. And why should it? For a few clerks, shop-keepers, townsfolk, officers. And when you come to think that exactly the same shop-keepers, townsfolk, officers, and clerks are in every little town, just like these! Why should there be these millions of duplicates when even the original is vile? Perhaps it's raining just like this at hundreds of places, the same filthy weather, the same wind and gloom, and a couple like ourselves wandering about. Aren't you filled with despair, Doctor?"
>
> "No, why should I be?" replied Dr. Arnoldi, who could scarcely keep him on his feet.
>
> "Oh, nothing enrages you! You are a dead man."
>
> "I've told you so already. . . ."
>
> "I don't understand, Doctor, how you can live like that! That's death!"
>
> "Death!"
>
> "But do you know that you go further than Naumoff? He at least believes in annihilation, but you believe in nothing! Or do you believe in anything, Doctor?"
>
> "I believe in nothing."

Shortly after this conversation, the questioner hangs himself.

In the autobiographical note prefixed to *The Village* (translation by Isabel Hapgood), Bunin says:

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> Some critics have called me cruel and gloomy. I do not think that this definition is fair and accurate. But of course, I have derived much honey and still more bitterness from my wanderings throughout the world, and my observations of human life. I had felt a vague fear for the fate of Russia, when I was depicting her. Is it my fault that reality, the reality in which Russia has been living for more than five years now, has justified my apprehensions beyond all measure; that those pictures of mine which had once upon a time appeared black, and wide of the truth, even in the eyes of Russian people, have become *prophetic,* as some call them now? "Woe unto thee, Babylon!"—those terrible words of the Apocalypse kept persistently ringing in my soul when I wrote *The Brothers* and conceived *The Gentleman from San Francisco,* only a few months before the War, when I had a presentiment of all its horror, and of the abysses which have since been laid bare in our present-day civilization. Is it my fault, that here again my presentiments have not deceived me?
>
> However, does it mean that my soul is filled only with darkness and despair? Not at all. "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God!"

If one wishes to have faith in Russia, one may turn from her contemporary novelists to the masters of the nineteenth century. In speaking of the Russian language, Turgenev said, in words more applicable now than ever:

> In these days of doubt, in these days of painful brooding over the fate of my country, thou alone art my rod and my staff, O great, mighty, true, and free Russian language! If it were not for thee, how could one keep from despairing at the sight of what is going on at home? But it is inconceivable that such a language should not belong to a great people.

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"BLURBS"

ROBERT C. BENCHLEY

IT'S a pity that civilization is going to the dogs, for we seem to have reached a literary millenium. If you doubt it, read the publishers' blurbs. Critics are contracting St. Vitus' Dance from saluting new geniuses. Masterpieces are so grandly ushered in that the ceremony is a spectacle in itself. Never mind if they fail to live up to their elaborate introduction. Rejoice in the glitter of the footmen, and don't doubt that we live in a golden age!

IN the midst of a pessimistic conviction, voiced on all sides, that the world is in a parlous condition and that mankind, instead of progressing according to the original divine intention, is barely holding its own against the forces of disintegration and mediocrity, a list of publishers' announcements of the new books for the winter trade comes as an apostolic voice ringing in the wilderness. For, whatever else may be rushing to pot, it is quite evident that we are entering the Extra Heavy Golden Age of Literature.

According to the publicity departments of the book-makers, no fewer than thirty-eight masterpieces of English prose composition are now ready for a triumphant assault on the world and its future generations of readers. This does not include those books which are announced as merely "superlatively good" or "clearly the highest point reached by any living writer in the language." There are thousands of those. The thirty-eight are all so gigantic as to belong to all time and all ages. They have already apparently taken their places in the list headed, chronologically merely, by Homer.

It is not alone in the hopeful language of the publisher's publicity that we find evidences of this unparalleled epidemic of masterpieces. Our earnest reviewers, in themselves literary figures of considerable flavor, are constantly furnishing the avid publicity departments with more adjectives and similes than the publishers themselves could think up in their most ecstatic

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moments of elation. All that the writer of book-jackets and advertisements has to do is follow the literary supplements and columns of criticism and he will find his authors hailed as he himself would blush to hail them. The conventional conception of a critic as a man who looks on the works of his more gifted contemporaries with a bilious eye, could not be more mistaken. Our critics today form one of the most enthusiastic and optimistic groups in the body politic, and devote their time to recognizing geniuses with a steady series of bows which amounts practically to a form of St. Vitus' dance.

Let us quote from a small, seventeen-line advertisement of one of the last season's books, evidently destined to be in the prescribed reading of English literature classes for centuries: "—— —— —— —— has been compared to *Gulliver's Travels, Don Quixote, The Divine Comedy, Midsummer Night's Dream,* and Barrie's *The Little White Bird.* Vincent Starrett claims, however, that it is 'unique in literature.' Price $1.50."

Just why this book has not yet challenged comparison with Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* and Froissart's *Chronicles* is not clear. Perhaps there wasn't room in a seventeen-line advertisement. It might have been even simpler just to have used Mr. Starrett's phrase "unique in literature," as that really covers the ground pretty thoroughly and saves the individual faces of the ancients.

The Boston "Transcript" uses the word "unique" a bit more cagily, in speaking with characteristic New England repression of another book. "A more unique self-revelation," it says, "has perhaps never before been given to the world." There may have been an *equally* unique self-revelation. The "Transcript" reviewer does not let himself go to the extent of denying this. But the point to be emphasized is that, since man first began drawing picture-stories on the walls of his cave, there is every reason to believe that the world has never seen a "more unique" personal record than this.

Close upon the heels of this we find the following discovery made by the New York "Tribune": "Occasionally there comes

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Drury College Library
Springfield, Missouri

a man like Rousseau, who can tear great masses of the subsoil of his own soul and paint them in glowing colors the while we stand watching and gaping. . . . '—— —— ——' seems to be such a collection of glowing tissue." Little wonder that the advertisement-writer let that stand without comment as his copy, except to add the informative note, "$3.00." Surely three dollars is little enough to pay for a first edition of Rousseau or his modern counterpart.

Just one more: "Little David is the sort of character Dickens and Barrie might have created in collaboration."

This suggests all sorts of possibilities for our modern writers in the way of genius-crossing. What is to prevent some one of our highly adaptable masters of English prose from crossing Fielding with Walter Scott and turning out a satirical romance which would revolutionize literature? Or perhaps a biography combining the enthusiasm and fidelity of Boswell with the emotional range of Cellini! When we come to the point where our authors not only equal the masters at every turn, but combine the qualities of two or three at one time, we may look ahead with avid delight to the long winter evenings of the next ten years, when we can triple our cultural absorption in the time formerly devoted to a pedestrian following of one classic.

The only doubt which assails us in viewing the golden and immediate future concerns the writers of publicity and the ardent reviewers. To whom are they going to compare the new writers who will have sprung up within the next five years? Will they go still farther back than Rousseau, Dante, and Shakespeare and delve into the ancients for their similes? Or would it not be even more impressive to use the modern masters, the phenomena of our own day, for their purposes? Which will be the more effective:

"In his new book, 'Bath-Mat' (Boni and Liveright) Richard Steemle combines the majestic cadences of Virgil with the simple clarity of St. Paul, and yet there is something also of the wide and gorgeous humor of Aristophanes, with now and then a dash of Livy,"—or:

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"In his new book, Richard Steemle has reached a point where he may well be likened to Christopher Morley in the mellow humanity of his style and perhaps even to Sherwood Anderson in the stark beauty of his impulses."

It really ought not to make much difference.

Of course, there is always the chance that after a certain point has been reached in this race with the classics, the whole thing will lapse back into a dog-trot with all the contestants winded, and we shall have again the old unimaginative announcements that "The Lady of Lester" is a new book by Theodore Tell and that it may be had at all book-shops by paying $2.50. In such a tepid note were the notices of a new book by Charles Dickens, before the arts of criticism and publicity had reached the point to which they have now attained.

Having thus far looked askance at those enthusiasts who would hail this as the Golden Age of the world's literature, it should in all fairness be stated that there is no good reason why they might not be right. In the specific instances of their exuberance there may be some doubt as to whether or not Swift and Rousseau have been equalled, to say nothing of surpassed, but certainly there is nothing in Swift or Rousseau which it would be impossible to equal or surpass. The polls were by no means closed when *Gulliver's Travels* or *Don Quixote* or even *Midsummer Night's Dream* were finished. To allow the centuries to form themselves in an impregnable phalanx before any work of art and to assume that no force in our own day can possibly storm it successfully, is as fatuous as to hail as conqueror every modern who takes it into his head to make the assault. The assumption that contemporary hosannas are out of place simply because they are contemporary, represents an attitude of mind as ridiculous as that of the publicity-writers.

Which brings us to the rather unimpressive conclusion that the chief fault with the literary blurbs at the beginning of this article was the Boston "Transcript's" use of "more unique."

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THE RICH YOUNG MAN IN POLITICS

GEORGE HENRY PAYNE

EVERYONE knows it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of God, but now we are told it is virtually as difficult for the same gentleman to succeed in the utterly mundane realm of politics. In America, political ambition lays the rich youth open to the sharp criticism of voters and rivals who judge a man by his ability to make, not inherit, money.

FOR many years one of the ablest politicians in the State of New York, a man of distinctly conservative tendencies and even perhaps slightly reactionary, was George W. Aldridge, a Republican leader of unquestioned brains and character and commonly known as the "Boss" of the large industrial city of Rochester. To the public generally he was simply a politician; to those who came to know him in his later years, even those who were opposed to much that he stood for, he was an engaging and even charming philosopher with a keen sense of humor and a rather broad tolerance. Very nearly seventy years of age, he had seen much of American life. "And you know," he said one day, after reviewing some of the turbulent political periods of the last twenty-five years, "that when I see the conditions, social and political, in America today, I am glad that my life was cast in the past seventy years rather than in the seventy years to come."

Two weeks later Mr. Aldridge died.

It is not unusual to hear sentiments very similar to this from other men who during the past thirty or fifty years have taken part in American politics. They seem to have little faith in the men who are coming to the front, and less faith in the survival of the institutions which the coming leaders will be called on to defend.

The old timers' criticism of the men who are coming up, or

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who have already taken their positions, is generally directed against the lack of unselfishness on the part of those who are or who would be politicians. It is no answer to this criticism that the old-time political leaders were themselves men of a selfish disposition and that a great deal of the political confusion and disorganization of today is due to their loyalty, not to the country or to the party, but to the large corporate interests that controlled both parties. Paradoxical as it may seem, there was a certain unselfishness in that leadership at the time these men came into power, for the corporate control of the parties was an accepted thing,—it was very much the political religion of the day.

Today, however, we have an entirely different situation, men are asked to see things in a different way, and if our institutions are to survive they must see them in a larger way, and not from the angle of either personal or corporate advantage.

In times of perplexity it is not infrequently suggested that one of the methods by which we might raise the standard of office holding is to have more men, especially young men of means, take an interest in politics and go in for politics as a career. Several times since the writer inaugurated the present series of articles, it has been suggested that he should discuss the rich young man in politics. No one of those who were good enough to make the suggestion indicated what should be done with the rich young man when he got into politics, and if there was any inference at all, it was not that the young man would be helped but that the body politic would be greatly benefited.

As a matter of fact, if there is any reason for the rich young man going into politics it is not because he is particularly needed or because he will greatly assist in the solution of the problems of the country, especially the problems of today. If any benefit is to accrue anywhere, it will be to the rich young man. In looking over the history of the past fifty years, one would not be immoderate in stating that, on the whole, the young man of inherited wealth entering politics has been a failure.

In England, the country after which most of our wealth pat-

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terns its life, the rich young man in politics has much greater chance of success, due to a number of reasons, among them being that there is a governing class. In this country there is no governing class and the inclination of the people is to break down a governing class wherever one should try to appear. There is also a great resentment in this country against a man seeking public office for the purpose of benefiting himself socially.

No one will deny Lord Bryce's statement that England is a leading democracy, despite the fact that it reached democracy much later than this country. But the Revolutions of 1832, 1865, and 1918, while putting Great Britain among the foremost democracies of the world, did not change the fact that there is a social quality to its governing class that is missing in America. The rich young American seeking social advantage is therefore more or less mortified when he steps into politics and finds that instead of his being allowed to play the game with all the protection he has hitherto enjoyed, he has to compete with many whom he considers beneath him.

America has respect for men of wealth, especially if the money has been made by those who hold it. Its respect lessens as the wealth gets away from the founder. The rich young man enters politics therefore under a handicap, for he is keenly watched to see if he has real ability. While his friends applaud him for his bravery as he rushes in to save the nation or to rescue political office from lowly persons, the average voter views these activities with his tongue in his cheek. This attitude was represented in the case of a wealthy young man who took office under a government of an eastern State, and the attitude of the public was unquestionably that of legislative correspondents who at their annual dinner caricatured the young man in the following dialogue:

Q. What is a military secretary?
A. A million dollars and not a single thing besides.

Any discussion such as this is thoroughly useless if it remains academic. In fact, the whole trouble with the discussion about

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the rich young man is that we insist on debating a most personal matter as academic, whereas politics is no more academic than swimming. The rich young man has been led to believe that he was in a special class for whom the usual rules of life did not apply, whereas he is not above the rules. Rather, because of his inherited wealth and his opportunities, is he subject to more rules.

Roosevelt was the one shining example of the rich young man in politics who succeeded. He knew that rules that might not justly bind others were absolutely binding on him.

I remember the first rich young man that I met in politics, years ago. We came out of a dimly lighted, low-ceilinged district headquarters where we had both been thrilled by the fact that, though only twenty-one, we had been permitted by a clever old boss to take part in the local organization,—mere puppets, but still thrilled. We walked down the street together and the talk turned on books. I knew all about,—or thought I did,—Georg Brandes, Nietzsche, and Ibsen, but he knew all about Lecky, and after we had stood on a corner until long past midnight he insisted on winning his point by lending me his copy of "The Map of Life." It was the beginning of a beautiful friendship and I remember the glow with which I contemplated my new found friend's possible future, with his culture, his fine sensitive mind, his advantages, his opportunities for independent thinking and independent action. As I recall now, his interest in politics lasted about one month and then he disappeared.

Perhaps his has been a very successful life,—I have even forgotten his name. Today he may be a great judge or a great financier, or for all I know he may be the President of the United States, but to me his was the first failure of a class that I for a long time believed was necessary in American life and a type surely that would have done much to raise the standard of office holding and to clarify a muddy stream.

Some years later I had another experience of a different kind. All winter long an ardent group, some said a fanatical group, had worked at long distance telephones, telegraph wires, and all

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the other impedimenta that mark a fervent political campaign. We were helping to make a man President of the United States; we were saving the nation,—it was gorgeous illusion. The spring suddenly descended on us. Haggard stenographers and pale telephone operators who had worked night after night until long past midnight would steal glimpses out over the tops of the tall business buildings of New York to a little patch of country that lay beyond. For the first time in months the chief announced that this Saturday there would be a half-holiday and the office would close at noon. The assistant came in and rather shamefacedly stated that the treasurer of the political campaign committee, a young man of large wealth, had telephoned to the office to say that as he was anxious to get out to play a game of golf he would send the payroll up on Monday.

"On Monday!" repeated the man who was in charge of the office, and he too looked out of the window over the tops of the buildings, and then he called up Mr. Treasurer on the telephone.

"It is a beautiful day, isn't it?" he said, "and it is Easter Saturday and for four long months all these people have worked, waiting as you have waited for a touch of spring, and you are going off this afternoon to play a game of golf and going to leave them to get the Easter joy which they have earned as best they may, while you play golf."

The payroll arrived in half an hour.

Something more must the rich young man give than any other man who enters American politics. Something more than his money and something more than his willingness to accept honor and office. The need of this country is for educated men, whether rich or poor. If the rich young man's education has dulled his sensibilities and developed only his interest in himself, his own comforts, and his own possessions, then it would seem to me that instead of entering politics, he should try the Kingdom of Heaven.

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WATCHING THE WORLD GO BY

RICHARD KING

I HOPE I shall not be, when I am old, one of those bald-headed men who seem to have no homes, but sit all day at the windows of their clubs, deliberately exhibiting to the passers-by the unbecoming fact of their baldness! Unfortunately, we never know what we may become,—when we are old. And the young have no sympathy for us in our decline. The young can never realize that the old were not *born old,* and that as the old are today, so they have always been. A tragic injustice. For the foolish middle-aged woman clinging to a kind of burlesque of juvenility was once perhaps a fascinating girl, whose only misfortune has been that she gazed in her mirror so often that she became too familiar with the shadows falling across her face, and failed to acknowledge them because they seemed to her to be so easily painted out. And that miserable, disgruntled old man,—who knows, if once long ago he were not the life and soul of some mid-Victorian picnic, the beau ideal of many a crinolined damsel, who wept because he passed her by unnoticed. Today, the one is referred to as an old fool, the other an old bore,—and we tolerate them, rather than welcome them as companions along the road of life.

So it is unwise to jeer at grotesque old people, even in secret. Alas! one never knows what figures of fun we too may some day become, when once we have passed the fattening fifties and it has become almost true of us to say, as those slightly younger than ourselves are sure to do,—"Sixty-five, my dear—if a day!" Age creeps on so gradually that we scarcely notice it; yet though the change be gradual, it is, alas, relentless. So we may live at last long enough to find comfort in the thought that, after being the object of many a grande passion, we are still beloved,—

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only because we give no trouble. But deep down in the dungeon wherein we hide those sorrows which no one has ever guessed, those hopes which never came true, those memories too precious to be told, we know only too well that the niche we can henceforth call our own is the metaphorical arm-chair in our club window, from which all that remains for us to do is to watch the crowd in the street pass and re-pass,—and to ignore the fact that, so far as we are concerned, the passing multitude do not care one solitary damn!

And so I often wonder what old people are thinking about as they sit in their quiet backwaters watching the world go by. Often they seem to smile when we feel they ought to weep or be angry, or they sigh when they ought to be laughing out loud. Old people so rarely tell us their innermost thoughts. Sometimes, just to make conversation, so it appears, they will inform you that Mrs. Brown has left her house opposite for the third time that afternoon, and that she was wearing a new hat; or that Mr. Jones looks very ill; or that Mrs. Robinson's children are "very well brought up." But these none too startling facts can surely not be the only ones that rivet their attention.

Some gossamer story of things remembered must surely be weaving a dim pattern behind their trivial remarks. Perhaps, around everyone who passes, old imaginations are building up a romance drawn from their own experiences in the long ago. The girl, standing so patiently at the corner of the street,—surely she is waiting for her lover? Her whole attitude shows how absorbed she is, how little the world which jostles her, as she stands there, matters to her. Presently her lover will come,—perhaps after long hours spent in some underground office. They will kiss, half ashamed of their unacknowledged passion, and, smiling into each other's eyes as lovers do, they will walk away arm in arm together, unnoticed except perchance by old people gazing at them through the wide mesh of lace curtains. And old eyes will smile after their retreating figures, and old minds conjure up the details of that oldest story in all the world,—which is forever new.

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The poor widow, selling matches under the flare of the electric lights in the huge store opposite,—what slow story of calamity has at length brought her to such a pass? Was it her own fault, or her husband's, or her children's? Was it illness, or misfortune, or one false and irretrievable step? Very soon, old imaginations will be weaving yet another story around her poverty,—a story which will have pity for its denouement, since pity comes more easily to old age than judgment and scorn. These are reserved more for manners than for morals.

That telegraph girl, slouching along, as only the younger generation seem to slouch, according to their elders,—what a young hussy she looks! How boldly she importunes the butcher's boy to get down from his bicycle to exchange badinage with her! See, he has already done so! That telegram the girl carries in her satchel,—how little she appears to realize that its message may be one of life or death, that its one short sentence may perhaps make or mar a whole human life! Perhaps it contains an offer of marriage, or the inheritance of a fortune, or perhaps only a husband's lie to a too credulous wife, or a woman's message to her lover. Old imaginations build a story around each of these suppositions, and, because old imaginations build them, they always end peacefully, if not always happily.

And the long day passes . . . passes . . .

But it does not pass as a yawn. How can it,—when there are so many amusing, or pathetic, or just commonplace stories to be invented, so many love-tales to be spun from tiny cocoons of romance? Old folk live so much of their present life in reliving the memories of the past. And as they watch the people passing along the street,—almost each one seems to resurrect some dead and gone figure, revive some half-forgotten incident. It is so much more delightful thus to remember, than to read the newspapers, which too often make old people angry. Besides, in thus remembering the past, old spirits regain some of the buoyancy of their departed youth. And no one whose heart can still be stirred, whose sympathies and interests are still undimmed, can ever be considered really and truly *old*.

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And so from their windows old people play a delightful game, all by themselves. Young people cannot share its joy, because they are young, and for them, to be one of the crowd is so much more thrilling than merely to watch it. Men and women are indeed unimportant in their eyes. Their own place among them,—that alone matters. If they observe their fellow-travellers, they observe only the surface values. Old age probes below the calm exterior,—right down into the beating heart.

May be, it is because old people must perforce live so largely within themselves, that the memories of the past and the dreams of today become more vivid in their eyes than the people and things actually surrounding them. Wherefore they sit quietly behind the curtains of their bow-windows and conjure up again and again the whole romance of life. For they know that, though the faces of the crowd may change, the romance of life and its myriad facets goes on and on,—the same today as it was yesterday and as it will be, perhaps, forever. Dreams and memories,—these alone add a glamor to life as we grow old.

In remembering and in dreaming, old people play within themselves the last great "let's pretend" in life,—peering with tired, but all-understanding eyes, at that game of youth in which they themselves have long since ceased to take a part. It amuses them in secret to watch how the young take themselves and all they think and do, as if the whole future of the world depended upon their thoughts and actions. Old age realizes that one day, sooner or later, those now young will come to regard the world also as a shadow-show seen between lace curtains hanging before some bow-window in some over-crowded street. Yet, being old and tired and just a little bored, they will not weep. Old age may not be the age of laughter, but it is undoubtedly the age of smiles,—hidden, furtive smiles, no less merry although the causes from which they spring are, for the most part, unseen.

This is the first of a series of short essays by Mr. King.

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ROOSEVELT AND THE MONROE DOCTRINE

PHILIP MARSHALL BROWN

LORD CHARNWOOD'S generous appreciation of Theodore Roosevelt is characterized by the publishers (Atlantic Monthly Press) as "a world opinion on a world figure." The author is avowedly a hero-worshipper; and the worship of heroes does not permit of great discrimination. Unlike his life of Lincoln, this study of Roosevelt by Charnwood is essentially impressionistic: it is a rough portrait sympathetically drawn. It does not pretend to be a detailed study either of the personal history of Roosevelt or of the events with which he was connected.

Any comment by Charnwood, therefore, on the foreign policy of Roosevelt is subordinate to the main purpose of the author and does not imply great historical accuracy or discernment. This is particularly obvious in his treatment of the Monroe Doctrine as interpreted and applied by Roosevelt. He does not even state the doctrine in its original terms or formulate it anew in his own. It remains quite vague, though to be regarded on the whole with favor as "an effective instrument of civilization," particularly because it would seem to coincide with the best interests of the British Empire, notably of Canada.

Charnwood makes no attempt to analyze Roosevelt's distinctive development of the Monroe Doctrine in the case of Santo Domingo in 1905 as "the exercise of an international police power." In fact, in his treatment of the forceful and drastic intervention of President Cleveland in the boundary dispute between Venezuela and Great Britain in 1895, the author would seem to have failed to understand the significance of the doctrine as it was then invoked. His comments are of a singular kind:

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> " . . . I touch upon a transaction for which I know of no quite adequate defence but which Roosevelt was prompt to applaud: the startling procedure by which in 1895-6 Cleveland and Secretary Olney, for both of whom he had a high regard, drove Lord Salisbury to accept arbitration in a boundary dispute with Venezuela. Cleveland had some motive,—which in such a man must have been high-minded,—for what seemed a fantastic outrage, and Roosevelt happened to know what the motive was; but it has never been made public."

Charnwood goes on to ask: "Did the actual dispute then existing involve the Monroe Doctrine at all, unless upon some piratical interpretation of it?" and "could not Cleveland have been sure of getting his substantial object with some exercise of elementary courtesy?" Having thus cast doubt on the whole negotiations, and having intrigued one's interest by cryptic allusions to mysterious ulterior motives of a laudable character not ever disclosed, but which Roosevelt approved, Charnwood proceeds in a rather inconsequential manner to observe: "These are secondary points after all; the main point is that the entering in of some European power's acquisitiveness in South America was really a thing to be apprehended in those days of the great scramble for territory, and that the United States did better to bar it too hastily and too clumsily rather than too late and too half-heartedly."

Nor does Lord Charnwood seem clearly to understand the exact grounds for the intervention of the United States between Venezuela and the blockading powers,—Great Britain, Germany, and Italy,—in 1902-03, though he delights in Roosevelt's vigorous diplomacy that compelled the German Emperor to accept arbitration. Roosevelt, it will be recalled, both in this instance and in the case of Santo Domingo, clarified the Monroe Doctrine most effectively when he said: "If a republic to the south of us commits a tort against a foreign nation, such as an outrage against a citizen of that nation, then the Monroe Doctrine does not force us to interfere to prevent punishment of the tort, save to see that the punishment does not assume the form of territorial occupation in any shape."

In all these instances, as in the intervention of the United

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States in Panama in 1903, Lord Charnwood would seem much more interested in Roosevelt's actions than in his reasons. Concerning Panama, the author wholeheartedly approves of the course of action adopted by Roosevelt, finding no place whatever for sentimentalization over the alleged violations of the sovereign rights of Colombia. He finds that by its own stupidity that country had forfeited completely all claims for consideration, particularly in view of the fact that in other similar circumstances Colombia had repeatedly benefited by the intervention of the United States to prevent the people of Panama from establishing their independence.

Lord Charnwood recognizes that "the Monroe Doctrine is only one side of American tradition," and that "along with the sense that Europe should not meddle with them went the sense that they should not meddle with Europe." But he calls attention to the fact that "American interests have crossed the Atlantic and even more effectively crossed the wider Pacific." He would here seem to have failed to scrutinize carefully President Monroe's own words that "The political system of the Allied Powers is essentially different . . . from that of America"; and again, "It is impossible that the Allied Powers should extend their political system to any portion of either continent without endangering our peace and happiness." Lord Charnwood, of course, is not unique in his inability to understand this instinctive aversion of most Americans from any entanglements with the political system of Europe. The "other side" of the Monroe Doctrine was never more clearly indicated than in Washington's words that it would be "unwise in us to implicate ourselves by artificial ties in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities."

Lord Charnwood seeks to stress Roosevelt's generous interest in European affairs, notably in his great diplomatic triumph in connection with the Algeciras Conference of 1906 and in his sympathy with Belgium at the outbreak of the Great War. The author would seem to be endeavoring by implication to show

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that Roosevelt, and other Americans who thought like him, had long abandoned that side of the Monroe Doctrine which deprecated active participation in the political affairs in Europe. But his treatment of the subject is again so highly impressionistic that it can hardly be said to be impressive and convincing.

If the book as a whole suffers from this failure to analyze critically the basic facts of Roosevelt's public life, there is no denying, however, that it is to be welcomed as a delightful and generous understanding of a man who was thoroughly American and beloved of his fellow countrymen.

WHITE PEACOCK

HAROLD VINAL

In his tall cage the peacock struts a king
Prouder than Solomon and arrayed as bright;
He will not lift his moony wings in flight
But holds them sidewise and walks in a ring.
Into the dirty pool the small ducks dive,
Unmindful of his stupid arrogance;
The leopards snarl, the merry bear cubs dance—
He in his pomp is glad to be alive.

The antic monkeys end their petty chatter,
Suddenly a hungry lion groans,
The dark slips down the iron of his bars,
A golden moon creeps over the smooth stones.
He lifts his moon of ivory; what matter
That there are none to watch, he has the stars.

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The editors welcome brief letters from readers relating to any topics discussed by FORUM *contributors; or to any views expressed in these columns.*

THE MONROE CONTROVERSY

In attempting to celebrate in this issue the centennial of the Monroe Doctrine, THE FORUM has been fairly deluged with letters. They represent so many points of view about the Doctrine that they would overcrowd the Rostrum, and, instead, a selection from these letters will be published as a separate article in the January FORUM.

Both writers in this issue agree that the pure doctrine as promulgated by President Monroe one hundred years ago has been of inestimable service to the Americas and an effective instrument of civilization. It is when they come to the expansion of the doctrine that they exhibit a wide divergence of opinion. Even here they represent but two of many points of view. There are those who go farther than General Sherrill in wishing to extend the influence of the United States over Latin America, while others ask, if European colonies to the South of us are to cease altogether, are we the rightful proprietors, or the colonies themselves, or the Latin States bordering on them?

Those who cavil at our policing backward states must remember that the results often justify what seemed to them at the time a fantastic outrage. Who of us would erase the Panama Canal? What our South American friends are jealous of is not our efficiency but their own lack of participation in and sanction,—if only as a matter of form,—of our acts. Perhaps some future President will give his name to a new doctrine, whereby Uncle Sam in his rôle of policeman of the Western Hemisphere will become the friendly representative rather than the self-imposed champion of his Latin-American neighbors.

One of the most graphic gestures of good-will in Pan-American relations this month is the suggestion made to President Coolidge by Wilbur P. Thirkield, Methodist Episcopal Bishop in Mexico City, that we now abolish the forts along the border and turn the investment thus released into scholarships for Mexican students in our universities.

THE PHILIPPINES NEXT

The constructive suggestion of reorganization in the Philippines put forward by Cecilia Farwell in the November issue has in the main met with a very favorable reception. Many letters have been received, reflecting many points of view in regard to this problem, but a very small percentage advocate the abandonment of our trust in the islands. Below are given extracts from a selection of typical expressions of opinion:

BEST PLAN SO FAR

Editor of THE FORUM:

Until there shall be something in the way of a league of nations, or world court, functioning effectively,—*effectively,* I say,—there is no good and sufficient reason for thinking that the Philippines, if granted their independence, would be able to keep it very

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long. The Filipinos are confident that there would be nothing to fear on that score. But they are mistaken. Why, they say, if the conditions in Russia and China are as bad as anywhere in the world, doesn't some nation step in there and take possession, just as those who oppose our independence say some nation would do to us? The answer is that there isn't any nation that dares to step into Russia or China, because all the rest would fly into her in less than a minute's time. There is, in effect, something that functions as an iron-clad and respected international understanding which keeps hands off in Russia and China. But they are big propositions compared with the Philippines. When Uncle Sams quits in the Philippines, he's going to quit for good. There'll be no reopening of the case. They'll have to sink or swim. And he's not going to quit until he feels sure that all other nations will respect the Filipinos' independence without any show of force on his part. To quit now would be to violate a most sacred trust.

In a word, we must first have an effective understanding that when we walk out of the Philippines front door, there must not be anybody coming in at her back door, either then or at any other time. Whenever we have such assurance, we owe it to the Filipinos and to ourselves to get out at once and leave their internal affairs for them to settle. They will settle them all right. It may be rough sledding for a while. But they will find a way out.

As to the program proposed by Mrs. Farwell, the plan of having pratically complete autonomy with the exception of a High Commissioner exercising the veto power and Federal control over defences, foreign affairs, and bonded indebtedness seems about the best plan thus far proposed. I don't think we ought to concern ourselves with the Filipinos' internal affairs excepting in so far as those internal affairs affect their foreign relations, their bonded indebtedness, and their defence. They must learn in the independent school of experience some time, so why not now?

J. D. DeHUFF

Santa Fe, N. M.

MISLEADING FIGURES?

A correspondent who chooses to withhold his name finds Mrs. Farwell's figures with regard to the cost of maintaining our government in the Philippines "grossly misleading," but adds: I am sure this is an unconscious mis-statement on her part and in no sense deliberate, but as these figures will be a great factor in determining the attitude of our people towards the Philippines in the future, I think it important to call your attention to the discrepancy. An accurate estimate of the expenditures of the United States in maintaining our sovereignty in the Philippines since 1898 can undoubtedly be secured from the Bureau of Insular Affairs, and it might be well for you to have a statement of this kind for your symposium.

Mr. Francis Burton Harrison spent the greater part of his administration in devising an extra-legal and extra-constitutional machine by which the natives might terminate our sovereignty automatically. In other words Mr. Harrison abdicated our sovereignty by indirection and thus laid the foundation for the present debacle.

On the other hand I am not one of General Woods' unqualified admirers. I think him exceedingly able and believe that he has a competent grasp of the principles of civil administration, but I am not sure of his singleness of purpose or that the present controversy has not been precipitated with an eye to his political future.

I may add that I think it would be very bad for the Philippines to be turned adrift at this time. No people ever did for another what we have done for the Filipinos, but it is doubtful to me whether any vestige of the institutions which we have established in the Philippines would survive a decade of independence.

GIVE SCHOOLS A CHANCE

Editor of THE FORUM:

One thing stands out clearly in all the tangled discussion of the problem. From a theoretical point of view, it is certain that when the government of a democracy is so constituted that the foreign policy of that government may be altered every four years, that country cannot properly control the destinies of a subject people. In the last ten years we have had two complete reversals of our policy in the Philippine Islands. This means that we are not suitable guardians of

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the welfare of other peoples; because whatever else may be true, it is certain that a reversal of policy does not inspire confidence and make for permanent relationships.

When once that is said, we must remember that it is a condition and not a theory which confronts us. The facts are that we have taken very definite obligations upon ourselves and we cannot wash our hands of the matter.

To understand clearly the failure of the policy of the last administration, we must go back to the history of popular education in the Philippine Islands. The first schools in the Islands were established by enlisted men detailed from the Army. This work was rapidly developed and extended, but it is safe to say that the American schools were not really organized and functioning until the year 1903. It was in 1913 that the definite attempt was made to give responsibility for the conduct of the government to the Filipinos themselves. As this was just about ten years after the establishment of an American school system, that means that a boy who entered the public schools at the age of twelve in 1903 would be in 1913 about twenty-two years of age. The result of all this was that when responsibility was turned over to the Filipinos, it did not go, as was generally supposed in this country, to Filipinos who had been educated in the fundamental principles of government under an American system. The boys and young men who had passed on up through the schools were not in 1913 and 1914 old enough to accept responsibility. They were still clerks in the government service and working their way up gradually. The result was then that the Filipinos who were called in to appointive offices or were elected by their fellows, were an older generation who had their training under the hopelessly inefficient rule of the Spaniards. Whatever hope there was for expecting the Filipinos to manage well their own government was vitiated by the premature policy of the Democratic administration. If we had waited for ten years more, we could have found a group of well-trained young men with some conception of the history of the past and the outlook for the future so that they could properly take their places in working out the destinies of that people.

Until there arises a new and capable generation with ideals of free government built upon American and not upon despotic principles of administration, we must as a nation accept full responsibility for the welfare of the Philippines. The political and international situation in the Far East is too critical to allow of academic experimentation. There have been suggestions made for compromise policies by which the United States government would take charge of international relationships, of organization of defense and of bonded indebtedness, leaving the Filipinos to do everything else. Nine years' residence in the Islands has convinced me of the futility of such an arrangement. We should be in a position of continuing to be responsible in the eyes of the world for a situation in which we had no control.

It is to be hoped that the experience of the last few years will convince the leaders of American thought that the only solution is to continue our present policy along definite lines irrespective of party changes in Washington. Granted that, independence may come in time.

REMSEN BRINCKERHOF OGILBY

Hartford, Conn.

MORAL SUPPORT NEEDED

Editor of THE FORUM:

I am quite frank to say that unless we can establish better conditions on the Islands than we had under the Harrison administration I would be in favor of withdrawing our presence and support entirely in the Philippines and let them make what mess of it they please, knowing perfectly well that the first strong power that chose to pick a quarrel would establish suzerainty there. But, if the constructive, earnest work established under the McKinley "Bill of Rights" and carried on until the coming of Harrison, could be resumed and continued, I can imagine nothing better for the Filipino people for the next twenty-five years. I am quite in sympathy with the continued extension of power to the Filipino government, but the strong moral backing for right government, which the Governors before Harrison granted, would be quite necessary for a generation or so. The rotten conditions of the Spanish régime are still alive in men still living, and that generation must die before a new and wholesome régime can safely maintain itself.

Mrs. Farwell's suggestions appeal to me

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as highly constructive. A Federal Commissioner with veto power, but in the background, federal control of Army and Navy, of foreign affairs, of bonded indebtedness, to which I would add an interest in education.

Mrs. Farwell, I fear, makes in error a serious implication when she states that this country has spent $700,000,000 to maintain relationships. We have no right to charge against the Filipino what we have spent on our army and navy; the army and navy would have been kept had we not been interested in the Islands, and both branches would have been maintained elsewhere. A fair statement would be that we have spent only $3,000,000 in the Islands, and that as a gift at the time of the devastation wrought by the Rinderpest. Aside from that all the expenses of the Islands have been borne by the Filipinos themselves.

I do not feel like criticizing Quezon too seriously, since the brand of politics he is playing is not unlike the brand we have been giving them for the past few years. We have never been fair with the Philippines in depriving them of ocean transportation service because we apply to them the laws of our coasting trade and then in the same breath establish trade barriers between them and us. Most certainly all these relations should be cleared up. Absolute free trade between the two peoples should be insisted upon.

Up to the time of the appointment of Harrison our experiment in the Philippines and our constructive achievements made it possible for one to say that better progress had been made in the upbuilding and development of a tropical people during the time of our stay in the Philippines than could be shown by any other nation in its relations with the tropics. For the sake of continuing that experiment to its logical conclusion now, we should establish relations that cannot be misunderstood, and back our position to the limit.

J. Paul Goode

Chicago, Ill.

HAS QUEZON A MAJORITY?

Several observers are convinced that a substantial body of Filipinos are not in sympathy with the advocates of complete independence. Mr. G. Corner Fenhagen, writing from Baltimore, says:

It is hard for me to believe that a majority of the Filipino people subscribe to Mr. Quezon's proposals, or would themselves favor anything approaching complete separation from this country. The unrest in the Islands at this time is probably only natural in view of the same widespread feeling throughout the world.

And an army officer who has for several years been in close touch with Filipinos of various classes, as well as with the wild tribes of Northern Luzon, writes:

Quezon and the Filipinos should not be turned adrift, as the conservative class who own land and property are very anxious to have the United States continue its supervision over the Government of the Islands. They are afraid to come out and openly declare their wishes, for fear of what might take place should the Islands eventually be granted independence. The Moros, and Igorotes of Northern Luzon, also, prefer an American administration with American local officials.

CUT THEM LOOSE

Editor of The Forum:

I believe that the only solution of the Philippine problem is granting to the Filipino people their independence. Any other step would be idle and would run against American policy. The American people have never favored the admission of an alien people, living eleven thousand miles away, to the sisterhood of states. In support of this I wish to cite Jacob Gould Schurman's words, addressed to members of Cornell University: "I say you will never consent to make the Philippine Islands an integral part of the United States of America. . . . The objections to the plan are insuperable; the reasons against it are invincible; the hostility to it ingrained and ineradicable. The grounds of this antipathetic attitude are fundamental and all-embracing; they are physical, physiological, ethnological, historical, psychological, social, and political." The Filipinos do not want statehood. The Federal Party of the Philippines advocating in its platform for the statehood of the islands, did not last long, due to the little support it found among the people. We have now in the Philippines all political parties demanding immediate and absolute independence. . . .

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During the last decade the Philippine Government was practically in the hands of the Filipinos; the members of the Senate and the House of Representatives were Filipinos; the cabinet was composed of Filipinos; the judiciary with the exception of several American judges was occupied by Filipinos; the different department heads were natives. With the exception of the Governor General who represented American sovereignty in the islands, the government was run by Filipinos. And who would say that the Philippine Government was not capable of guaranteeing the life, liberty, and property of any person within the Philippine Jurisdiction?

The Filipinos should not be blamed for asking their independence. Taught in American history, imbued with American ideals, inspired by American principles and traditions, it is natural that they should ask for that which the Americans 147 years ago fought and died for, that which made the United States of America what it now is: *free.*

EUGENIO LOPEZ.

Cambridge, Massachusetts.

INGERSOLL'S HARVEST?

Editor of THE FORUM:

In the October number of THE FORUM there was a pathetic article, seemingly written almost in the heart's blood of a young Divinity student, dealing with the many questions confronting the young Christian worker.

History repeats itself, as truly in matters theological as in secular affairs, for St. Luke in telling of the Acts of the Apostles says, "Now at that time there arose no small disturbance about the way of the Lord." May it not be that the dreadful seed of unbelief, brilliant though the sower, of Robert Ingersoll is bearing fruit today? His greatest hold was with the college men, and it is that class that seems most inclined to fall away from the simple faith in which the United States was founded.

Washington, Jefferson, Henry, all were enthusiastic Bible readers. Jefferson, at eighteen years of age, wrote to his college chum, "If a man will only realize that he is in the control of a great God, who is interested in the individual, nothing will trouble him much, and nothing will trouble him long." The bedrock of his character was founded on belief in God's word. Why can't we use this word in faith, not in criticism?

JEAN CABELL HERBERT.

Tampa, Florida.

A RAY OF HOPE

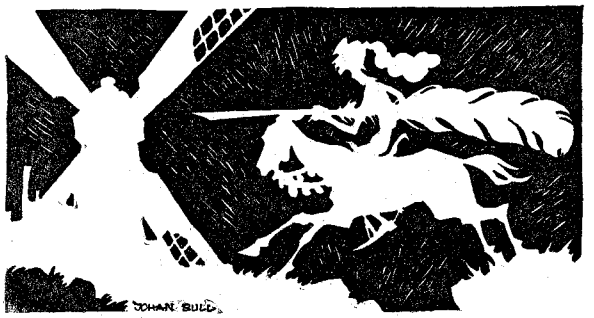
Editor of THE FORUM:

When I read with tremendous interest Mr. Allan A. Hunter's article in the October FORUM, entitled "Why We Are Silent," my outstanding thought was, here are the heartbeats of a real man. I am a layman, in age past the meridian, and have felt for some time with a host of others quite helpless and hopeless, over the many problems that assail our civilization. Mr. Hunter, however, gives me a ray of hope. It is to the young men like him, with courage and clear, clean thinking, to whom we must look for help if the human race is to be saved.

This letter of mine is called forth by reading in the November FORUM the criticism of Mr. Hunter's article by P. I. Prentice. Mr. Prentice absolutely fails to understand Mr. Hunter's philosophy, and his point of view beautifully illustrates why progress toward the light is so slow and difficult.

WILLIAM HENRY TROTTER.

Philadelphia, Pa.



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They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus.—*Keats.*

This is a public book-review department,—a forum americanum for the airing of opinions about new publications. In response to our invitation in November, numerous readers have submitted notices, of which a selection is printed below. The invitation is a standing one. Reviews should not exceed three hundred words, and the editors reserve the privilege of abridging whenever it seems advisable. Payment is at the rate of two cents a word.

Please don't damn with faint praise, nor eulogize with faint deprecation. The object of throwing this department open to the public is to avoid faintness, and to reveal the views of the lay, rather than the professional reader. Damn, if you must, in good round terms. Eulogize (if you have the heart, after reading Mr. Benchley) with equal vigor. Above all things be sincere,—and let those who can, be clever!

LAWRENCE REBUKES US

"Americans revel in subterfuges," declares Mr. D. H. Lawrence (STUDIES IN CLASSIC AMERICAN LITERATURE, Thomas Seltzer, $3.00). He then proceeds to rebuke American traditions and to reveal the true American soul of the future. To interpret this soul, he analyzes certain writings by Franklin, Crevecoeur, Cooper, Poe, Hawthorne, Dana, Melville, and Whitman. All of these writers, according to Mr. Lawrence, were liars in varying degrees, and concealed the truth of the art that was in them beneath reprehensible conventionalities and subterfuges. But art tells the truth despite the artist. This essential truth Mr. Lawrence detects, and ingeniously contrives to identify with his own pet sentiments and convictions. In accomplishing this, he has fallen into the snare of giving more information about himself than about his subject, of calling autobiography criticism, thereby exemplifying one of those subterfuges which he denounces. Furthermore, one can hardly avoid the suspicion that Mr. Lawrence has excluded Emerson from the Studies because he was afraid to grapple with that philosopher, afraid that Emerson couldn't be properly pulverized for his crucible. The inclusion of Crevecoeur strengthens the suspicion: Crevecoeur is so terribly easy a target for his artillery. The style of the book is meretricious and vulgar, with a self-consciousness that removes from vulgarity its only defense; the eloquence seldom rises above rhodomontade; and, if one may be meticulous, Mr. Lawrence's grammer gives the lie to grammarians,—which perhaps is his intention.

Yet the book is decidedly worth reading. The principle of criticism enunciated by the author should be applied to his own product. As he proposes "saving the American tale from

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the American artist," so must his critic rescue these Studies from their writer, and remember that though Mr. Lawrence does not tell the truth, his art (or its equivalent) does. The individual assertions are generally false; but the fact that he has selected these particular falsities deserves to be pondered. To hold the book negligible is to validate it. It merits antagonistic consideration.

CLINTON MINDIL.

IN DEFENCE OF PAGE

Walter Hines Page confesses (A PUBLISHER'S CONFESSION, Doubleday-Page, $1.50) much more than the reviewer of this unprententious little volume (see THE FORUM for November) would have his trusting reader believe. Namely, that "the publisher cannot do his highest duty to any author whose work he does not appreciate;" that a book ought never to have the imprint of a publisher who is not a true partner of the author; that "every great publishing house has been built upon the strong friendships between writers and publishers;" that "it is a *personal service* that the publisher does for his author;" and that an author had better stick to one publisher unless there is a very good reason why he should seek another. Mr. Page had a feeling of personal responsibility towards his authors, and expected a corresponding loyalty from them in return.

Book reviewing, in my opinion, makes two distinct claims on the reviewer. The first is that he select the idea which the author wished to emphasize; the second, that he accord first place in his review to this idea, rather than to the mass of less important detail which accompanies it. The previous review is not written in fairness either to author or reader, as these principles are obviously disregarded.

Mr. Page makes a strong plea for better relations between author and publisher, affirming that upon this relationship rests the ultimate success of both parties. As such, his book is valuable. It is a thoughtful expression of sane publishing philosophy. Authors and publishers would do well to read it and absorb the sound ethical judgments with which it abounds. As a work of a practical nature the book is less valuable; written nearly twenty years ago, it has lost much of its timeliness. Those, however, who are members of the great fraternity of authors and publishers will find these chapters interesting as a basis of comparison with the actualities of the present day. Admirers of Mr. Page will find in them the same directness, sincerity, and ease of expression characteristic of his *Life and Letters*.

DALE WARREN

RUSSIAN COURT MEMOIRS

The old saying "God preserve us from our friends" was never better illustrated than in the volume in which Anna Viroubova, the only intimate friend of the unhappy Czarina Alexandra Feodorovna, tells the story of her relations with this tragic woman of destiny, whom fate had linked with the last Russian Autocrat (MEMOIRS OF THE RUSSIAN COURT, Macmillan, $3.50). While it is natural that she should try to vindicate both herself and the mistress whom she helped to lead towards destruction, from the accusations levelled at them, she presumes too much on the ignorance of her readers concerning both Russia and the Russian Court.

To begin with, the family of Anna Viroubova was far from belonging to what was called the smart set of St. Petersburg society. They were distinct types of that most hated and despised class in Russia, despised alike by the nation which was continually suffering from its exactions, and by the old aristocracy who looked upon them as intruders, the class of Tchinovniks or Employes. Added to this, the Tanieffs had always been dreaded on account of their propensity for intrigue, and for the spiteful manner in which they made use of their official position to try and harm those in whom they saw rivals for Imperial favor. The author of the Memoirs never misses an opportunity to make some sarcastic remark concerning this high society in the magic circle of which she had always and vainly tried to be admitted. Her allusions to the Empress Dowager are about as nasty as decency allowed her to make. The whole incident of Mlle. Tutcheff, the governess of the young Grand Duchess, is equally unpleasant, when one knows how worthily this lady had fulfilled her duties, and how, instead of being summoned by the Emperor for a remonstrance, she had gone to him of her own accord, to tell him that she could not

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ıe responsible any longer for the training of ıis daughters while Rasputin was allowed o come and go at will in their apartments. It is of historical record that Nicholas II in ıhanking her, added, "I cannot have the Em-ıress disturbed with such trifles."

The serious faults of the book reside not in inaccuracy of detail, but in the things it leaves unsaid, and passages where the vanity of the author appears on the surface. It was often said in Russia that she had done her best to win the favor of the Czar before she became the friend of his wife, and that there existed a whole intrigue in St. Petersburg to make out of her a Russian Pompadour, so that when she mentions a feeling of jealousy towards her on the part of the Empress, she seems to be giving vent to disappointment at its failure.

Yet what a picture she presents to us of Nicholas II and of his indecisions, weakness, and inability to comprehend the stupendous task that lay before him. From the small incident of his requiring more than three hours to write a simple letter to his mother, down to the details which she gives us concerning his decision to assume the supreme command of the Russian armies during the war, there is not one single trait in his whole character which does not prove his total unfitness for the position into which he had been thrust by destiny.

This book, while written with the evident desire to dispel what its author calls legends, only adds the weight of her authority to the fact which all those who were familiar with the Russian Court knew long ago,—the fact that though the Russian calamity was bound to happen in the near future, it was unmistakably hurried on by Nicholas II's and Alexandra Feodorovna's mistakes, follies, superstitions, and inability to render to themselves an account of the tragic significance of the events in which Providence had ordained them to play a part.

C. RADZIWILL.

FIRST AID TO PHILOSOPHY

The prospective student of philosophy or the sciences, or the general reader, will find no better guide than AN INTRODUCTION TO REFLECTIVE THINKING (Houghton Mifflin, $2.00). It makes no difference whether the reader is especially interested in Mathematics, Astronomy, Physics, Metaphysics, Ethics or Law, this volume will initiate him into the mysteries of contemplative thought, and leave him fairly well equipped for more profound researches.

The main purpose of this work is to analyze and direct the thinking process. It begins by giving a clear definition, with examples, of reflecting thinking, and takes the reader in an understandable manner over a very wide range. The chapter on Diagnosis is a masterly piece of work. The results of careful observation are shown to make possible correct classification and definition. Examples taken from actual life are used to illustrate important points, and the significance of Implication is made clear. The chapters on Development of Hypothesis, Experimental Science,—in this chapter Mill's five "Canons" are set forth and explained, Pasteur's experiments which led to the refutation of the theory of Spontaneous Generation are discussed and methods of verification simply stated,—Deduction in Mathematics, Nature in Explanation, Evolution as Explanation, Reflection in Values, Thinking in Law, and the Summary supply much food for the intellectual appetite. The bibliography and exercises at the end of each chapter make the volume not merely an introduction to the subjects covered, but a preliminary course in philosophy or science in general as suggested by the authors in the Preface.

On the whole this book is a most timely one, and should be read by all,—even veteran philosophers and scientists,—with much profit. The authors are to be complimented on their accomplishment.

A. M. WENDELL MALLIET.

TRAVELS IN NORTHERN CHINA

The most impressive thing about Mr. Harry A. Franck is not that he has traveled over a large portion of the earth at odd times in the past eighteen years, but that he has found time to write closely packed and detailed accounts of his travels in addition. His latest book, WANDERING IN NORTHERN CHINA (The Century Co., $5.00), consists of five hundred pages of the most minute description, and it is never dull. The style,

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spirited and easy,—perhaps in spots too easy,—carries the matter, and a great body of matter it is. Even Mr. Franck's adjectives fail him when he tries to write of the privation and ignorance and filth of that section of China which he has seen; by his Western standards a people the majority of whom literally have never washed, who live in houses made mostly of mud, who sleep on the mud floor with a wooden brick for a pillow, and who are never warm in the bitter northern winter or cool in the sweltering summer, might be an unhappy people, and on the contrary in the midst of discomfort and even pain the Chinese are evidently the gentlest, gayest, and most uncomplaining lot on earth. This cannot be the result of philosophy; they are evidently innocent of speculation, but whatever it is, it shows a triumph of spirit over flesh which any Christian ascetic might envy. In the cities, of course, the people are slightly better off; of Peking Mr. Franck gives a heartening picture; though even there the cheapness of human labor operates to make the pay for a long day's work hardly enough to keep the worker alive.

The Chinese, says Mr. Franck, "will often starve with riches within easy grasp rather than screw up their courage to an act of violence," they "are timid, passive, submissive, in spite of their blustering manner. . . they were frankly friendly, neither out of fear nor hope of favor." These are admirable traits; one could stand a good deal of filth with so much peace. Of the bound feet of the women Mr. Franck speaks with terrible detail, and he adds that this monstrous mutilation is by no means disappearing from China as a whole, any more than the thousands of other less painful superstitions of which the country is full. The Chinese are in mortal terror of change, though they are quick of comprehension, even of the "foreign devil's" speech.

This is evidently, then, an account of a great and, through Occidental eyes, too submissive people, told by a man with an uncommon gift for seeing and recording what he sees. It is a pity that Mr. Franck allows his feelings about the superiority of the white race to color some of his narrative: to see Russians ordered about by Chinese is painful to him, although the Russians in question are lazy and utterly worthless. His criticism of certain racial customs, for example the Japanese unconcern for nakedness or the custom of the Korean women which leaves the breasts bare while it covers the wrists and ankles, is rather uncomfortably Sumneresque. And his account of Japanese rule in Korea is on the whole so just that it is a pity he did not find time to spend a few months in Soviet Russia when justice would doubtless also have tempered his conventionally sweeping dismissal of the Bolshevists as cruel, grasping, blood-thirsty, and Jewish.

DOROTHY G. VAN DOREN.

REMEMBERED YESTERDAYS

Most writers of Memoirs (and who *isn't* writing his, or hers?) feel that they must be either funny or momentous; as a result the recent deluge of reminiscences fall into two classes, the ponderously chatty, or the chattily ponderous. Robert Underwood Johnson just escapes both categories in his REMEMBERED YESTERDAYS (Little, Brown, $5.00), chiefly because he has a large fund of really interesting anecdotes to impart. He warns the casual reader that the volume is going to be "an incompletely blended series of pictures," but hopes that "the substance will compensate for the faults of the digressive method."

I think that his hope is fully realized. Few men have had a more interesting life and few have so obviously enjoyed living. His boyhood was spent in a little Indiana town where he saw the troops go off to the Civil War. After graduating from a small fresh-water college he went to Chicago, just in time to see the great fire of 1871.

From Chicago he went to New York to take a position with "Scribner's Monthly," but he soon joined the staff of "The Century" with which he was connected forty years, as associate editor and editor-in-chief.

His work and interests brought him in close contact with all sorts of interesting people,—Mark Twain, Emerson, Lowell, Walt Whitman, John Burroughs, Nickola Tesla, Browning, and a host of others. Of Twain he says: "Once at a dinner in his honor at my house, about midway of the meal he pushed back his chair and, announcing that he had had enough, called for a cigar and walked in and out of the drawing-room. At the coffee, still standing, he told a story which something in

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he conversation had made appropriate. It was of a young fellow who had recently bought a set of false teeth and who in his best store clothes had set out in a buggy to make a proposal of marriage to a fastidious young woman. As he was crossing a bridge, he happened to sneeze, and in doing so the teeth were thrown into the middle of the stream. His partial disrobing in order to wade out and recover them was described by the narrator in his best near-precipice style. At the most embarrassing moment the inamorata is reported as coming upon the scene, driving in the opposite direction. For a while Mark skated on very thin ice, but he managed to get across without falling through, but not without giving his hostess a mauvais quart d'heure. That this story was an invention of his own and an evolution is indicated by a passage from his notebook, 'Man who lost false teeth over Brooklyn Bridge when he was on his way to propose to a widow'."

A flowing, conversational style makes it easy reading. It is one of the best books of its kind we have had for some time. Read it by all means.

G. F. H.

SAM ADAMS UP-TO-DATE

Few characters in American history are more interesting than Samuel Adams, father of the Revolution. His intense patriotism, his simple devotion to his duty as he saw it, and his ability as the first great journalist in America, have assured him of what most people would have considered enduring fame. It is therefore a shock to learn from the Henry Holt Publishing Company that a new author, Ralph Volney Harlow, has rescued "this strange and powerful character from espectful oblivion" (SAMUEL ADAMS: PROMOTER OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, Holt, $2.25). Aside from the fact that Mr. Harlow is an Assistant Professor of History in Boston University, information about the rescuer is distinctly scant, so that one wonders whether, as a matter of fact, it is not Mr. Adams who rescues Mr. Harlow.

This new life of Samuel Adams sheds very little light on the great patriot, but is distinctly illuminating as to Mr. Harlow. In it Samuel Adams and other patriots of the pre-Revolution days are given "new" treatment, and so we are led to believe that the men who were responsible for American independence were neurotics, drunkards, and consumptives, out of employment, while the loyalists were a lot of amiable gentlemen misunderstood in their own time, and misunderstood now if it were not for the industrious Mr. Harlow. One sentence alone would indicate this writer's grasp of his subject. Speaking of the methods employed by Samuel Adams and his associates to arouse their countrymen, he says *"Even without the enlightenment of the twentieth century and the Great War,* they understood something of the art and the need of manufacturing public opinion."

Mr. Harlow in his dedication states that the book is "in settlement of a wager long outstanding." A modest guess would be that he lost.

G. H. P.

THE STORY OF THE BIBLE

For Hendrik Van Loon's THE STORY OF THE BIBLE (Boni and Liveright, $5.00), many of us have long been looking forward. I dare say it is the first reverent attempt to introduce the Bible to children young and old which is absolutely rationalistic and without theological bias. The style is plain, unadorned,—except for the author's vivid illustrations,—and direct, best suited for children entering their 'teens but likewise admirably suited to their parents.

Although Mr. Van Loon is conversant with all the mooted higher criticisms and though he records what can only be explained in terms of human life as we have always known it, he is never smart or clever at the expense of those devout souls who must believe in all the miraculous color and myth of the Bible. He takes pains to avoid controversial issues. The immaculate conception is not mentioned, and his story of Christ ends with the crucifixion, making no comment on the resurrection. This is well to the point, as the book is in no wise an attempt either to retell or to criticise the Bible. It is purely an introduction and a fresh and vivid one. No one will be offended unless it be Bryan and the Fundamentalists.

The old testament is taken up in clear, concise, historical narrative describing the

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trials and wanderings of the Jewish shepherds. Then comes the fierce battle of this star-crossed tribe to found a national existence in Canaan, their subsequent exile into Babylon, and finally their brief independence under the fighting Maccabees. This narrative is done so vigorously, the whole sequence of events is made so simple and clear, that a reader trained up in the Quarterly school can hardly believe this is the same dull, strange, and confusing old testament of his youth.

I am convinced *The Story of the Bible* is a real contribution to American literature, because Mr. Van Loon has that rare faculty of looking upon familiar things with fresh, unprejudiced eyes. It is a book I devoutly wish I could have had as a boy but am equally grateful for having now. One must remember, of course, that it is an introduction and not a substitute. But as an introduction it untangles with the clarity of genius the whole passionate and magnificent jumble of the great life history of the Jews as a nation.

HENRY CHAPIN.

WHIPPERGINNY

Since Robert Graves has brought out his latest poetry book in this country I suppose he has more irritated admirers than any other of the younger poets here or in England. People like his best work so much (that is the poems which most easily delight them), and are so puzzled by an increasing metaphysical abstraction in the rest of his work, that they get mad. They fear the most charming and dextrous of all post-war poets will become nothing but a dialectician right under their noses.

But his fate would be worse if he heeded the usual cry for "more lovely pieces like the last." He has expressed himself on that score:

"He of his song then wearying ceased,
But was not yet released;
The Queen's request was *more*
And her behest was *more.*
He played of random notes a score,
He found his rhymes at least—
Then suddenly let his twangling harp down fall.
And fled in tears from King and Queen and all."

No one realizes this better than Mr Graves, but he has no need to strain away from it. He has the natural vigor and freshness to avoid the ruts. Moreover, it is this continuous growth and consequent experimentation both in content and form which bothers some of his unthinking friends. They need not worry. There is enough of ever course in WHIPPERGINNY (Knopf, $1.50). It is quite the best and most enlivening book he has yet issued.

In his introduction, Mr. Graves says: "To those who demand unceasing emotional stress in poetry at whatever cost to the poet,—was one of those myself until recently,—have no apology to offer; but only this proverb from the Chinese, that *the petulant protestations of all the lords and ladies of the Imperial Court will weigh little with the whale when, recovering from his painful excretory condition, he need no longer supply the Guild of Honorable Perfumers with their accustomed weight of ambergris.*

It is not for one casual reader to lecture Mr. Graves about dialectics in poetry. His nose is still good for ambergris and he has no complaints. He believes, in fact, that there is no other young poet here or in England who is striking out with such vigor or accomplishing so much as the author of Whipperginny.

HENRY CHAPIN.

HERZEN'S RECORD

There is not a single volume, heretofore published in America, containing as much accurate information about Russia and the Russian folk during the years 1812-1838, both dates inclusive, as one may find in the translation by Mr. J. D. Duff, of Alexander Herzen's MEMOIRS (Yale University Press, $4.00). In this monumental work we have the autobiography of one of the foremost of Russia's literary men. Herzen was an artist. His writings have not been ever scratched in translation. Starting with the War of 1812 and with Napoleon's entry into Moscow, one reads page after page dealing with a boy's early home and school life. Then we learn of the various circles within circles in Russian society. The rotten spots of the Czaristic government are set forth fearlessly. The author does not rant, nor

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ıow merely the evils,—he gives a beautiful ough sometimes horrible, series of scenes ıom his actual experience.

As a man and as a writer Alexander Her- en was both unappreciated and persecuted by is government. Yet in his exiled days, his ıonths of prison, and in his days of banish- ıent, he lives working hard for the best in- ɔrests of his country in which he possesses a ıpreme faith. All those who read this first olume of Herzen's Memoirs will indeed be nxious for the publishing of the subsequent arts. It is a golden product of Russian terature.

J. Bentley Mulford.

NERVOUS QUEST FOR PEACE

The most real thing about Mr. D. H. awrence's characters is their nervous sys- m. They are all nerves, or rather their ıeator refuses to portray them except in a ervous crisis. Thus Richard Somers in Kangaroo (Seltzer, $2.00), driven from England nd Europe by their post-war sterility, finds imself in Australia torn between a feeling f duty to his fellow beings and a passionate esire to preserve his own spirit, untouched ıd whole. Australia to him means freedom,— terrible empty freedom of equality,—where one feels responsible for anything because all ıen are brothers and equals. Somers in his elations with his wife, frankly an aristocrat, nd with the Australians who try to make him comrade in a vast, vague scheme of revolu- ıon, knows no quiet. His decision to leave ustralia for America is evidently jumping rom frying pan to fire.

One feels that it is not Richard Somers vho is striving with such intensity to learn ow to live, but Mr. Lawrence himself. He is who is so torn by argument, and who ıngs so passionately to possess his soul in eace,—or does he want peace? One cannot e sure. To Somers the only possible choice, pparently, is between the quiet of vacuity nd a sort of perpetual hysterics. It would e idle to tell such a person to observe the vorld calmly, even for a moment. He is so eeply engaged in discovering how to live that e has no time for living.

Mr. Lawrence is one of the most original f living writers, and one, by the way, who an reproduce conversation, even the conversation of irascibility, as well as anyone ever has. It is a pity that he cannot find the answer to the riddle which troubles him. The greatest persons are not those ignorant of uncertainty and painful indecision but those who, after pain and doubt, find even a small share of peace.

Dorothy G. Van Doren.

A VOLUME OF REVIEWS

Literary gossip, biographical notes, critical comment (original and quoted), served piping hot, spiced with humor and goodwill,—under the title of American Nights Entertainment, by Grant Overton. Its sponsors (Appleton, Doran, Doubleday, Scribners) announce that it is published "frankly as advertising," despite which fact it is more informative and more critically palatable than many a volume seriously considered as non-propagandist. In it you will find some mention, if not protracted discussion, of your pet novelist or poet or essayist. Whole chapters are devoted to some, and there are intimate glimpses of Galsworthy, Conrad, Zona Gale, Christopher Morley, Booth Tarkington, and other favorites, perennial and ephemeral. Even your prosaic old guide, philosopher, and friend, Baedeker, "gets a hand."

The chapter on Edith Wharton is admirable. The work of over twenty years is sifted and appraised, and at the end you see a courageous woman of sixty-odd, going on with a sort of grim zest, all the freer for having survived her illusions.

The volume is an interesting experiment, a compromise between the usual extravagant publisher's "blurb" and the irresponsible notice penned by the average reviewer who takes more pains to reveal his own perspicacity than to conceal the shortcomings of a given writer. It is nearly four hundred pages in length, and is offered for sale at fifty cents.

Harold Paton.

MEXICO OF YESTERDAY

In this fourth and revised edition of a familiar travel book we have a sumptuous appearance, fine photographic illustrations, an agreeable style, and a good store of general information about Mexico. (Mexico and Her People of Today, Nevin O. Winter, L. C. Page, Boston, $4.00). Yet to take a

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volume about a country with such a tempestuous recent history as Mexico's and seek to bring it up to date by altering a paragraph here and there, and adding a new chapter at the end, is an empty task. We feel that we are trying to see the Mexico of President Obregón over the shoulder of Dictator Diaz.

Now, after ten years of devastating strife, when Mexicans for the first time since 1915 are getting a chance to manage their own country and their own lives, we find that a book which was admirable sixteen years ago has quite the wrong slant in dealing with politics, education, law, and economics, however well the sections on early Mexico are handled. Here and there, too, important corrections have been overlooked. "A large union station at Vera Cruz" is promised "soon" by the author, whereas the enormous terminal at that port already wears quite a venerable look. Nobody any longer goes to Xochimilco by way of the Viga Canal. There is not the slightest account of the educational advance that has taken place under the present administration; no reference to the new land laws which have changed the social order of the country so profoundly. And the author actually believes that the Rurales of Diaz a still keeping Mexico in order. They are dea (mostly) and gone.

A handsome book about Mexico of yeste day, whose author is capable of writing a entertaining work upon the vivid existin Mexico.

MARION STORM.

BOOKS ON ARCHITECTURE

Editor of THE FORUM:

In answer to inquiries about recent book on American architecture and the America point of view toward buildings, I beg to ref your readers to the following works, whic were useful to me in the preparation of m article, "Do Our Buildings Interpret Us? in the November number:

Æsthetic Basis of Greek Art, by Rh Carpenter (Longmans Green, $1.50); *Beyon Architecture,* by A. Kingsley Porter (Ma shall Jones, Boston, $2.25); *Walled Town* by Ralph Adams Cram (Marshall Jones) *The Meaning of Architecture,* by Irving K Pond (Marshall Jones, $2.25).

H. VAN BUREN MAGONIGLE.

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